THE BYSTANDER
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The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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Montreux.—Hotel Continental—on the lake. 1st cl. Up-to-date. Ideal Home. Charm. pos. Gard. Gar. New Rates. (Res. Prop., W. Deig.)

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. face lake. Mod. comf. Golf. Ten. L'ge P'k. Gar. Beach.

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in the Dog Days . . .

nd Merriment

Sketches by Rouson

The Showboat, Maidenhead, a sketch from the Cocktail Lounge, where the Swimming-Pool is on one side and the Restaurant, overlooking both, on the other. This dazzling white-and-blue building held a water carnival last week, when many celebrities were present

Tuesdays are gala nights, with all sorts of fun for 2s. 6d. The p[illegible]ification plant is the greatest and most perfect in the British Empire, and the water is turned over and filtered every four hours. It is open on Sundays. The whole equipment has cost about £[illegible],000, which shows how important bathing has become. Finally, th[illegible]e is an immense car park free.

ON our jaunt in search of coolness we went West and pulled up at the **Hungaria,** just across Maidenhead Bridge. The river looked inviting for a swim, but in its shady garden there is a friendly little blue-lined bathing-pool, with water very pure and fresh. Rouson has sketched Zappelloni, the restaurant manager, who for years was known to patrons of the Piccadilly Grill, and bears a striking personal resemblance to a certain very famous hotel proprietor. Dinner at the Hungaria costs 8s. 6d., or 10s. 6d. week-ends, and favourites like Douglas Byng and Ronald Frankau, not forgetting a luscious cabaret, " Our Lovely Lovelies," are there to help you while away a lovely evening.

MAIDENHEAD is full of attractions and distractions. It is only a short step to the **Showboat,** white and majestic, with its beautiful pool, supplied with its own fresh water, its restaurant, and its gay club. The other night it held a water cabaret, and among the " stars " present were Lady Jersey, Brig.-Gen. Critchley, Jessie Matthews, Nelson Keys, and Stanley Lupino. You can dance

Angmering Court Club from the lawn. On the other side it abuts on the sea, with its own beach for members only. A number of society girls flew down from Mayfair to bathe and dine last Wednesday

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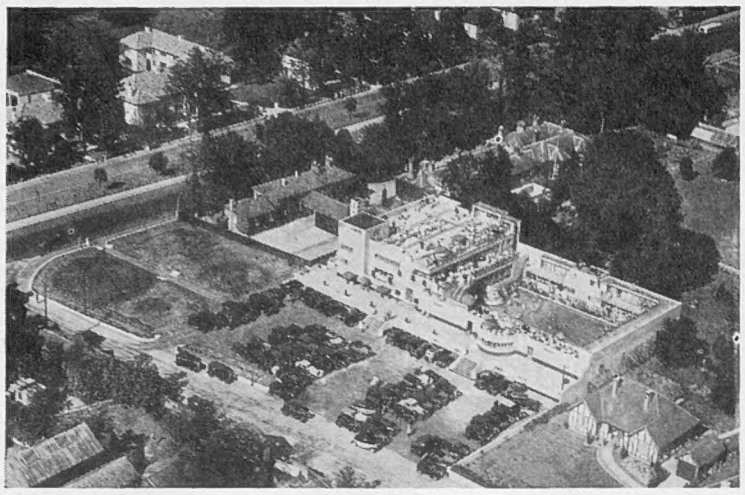


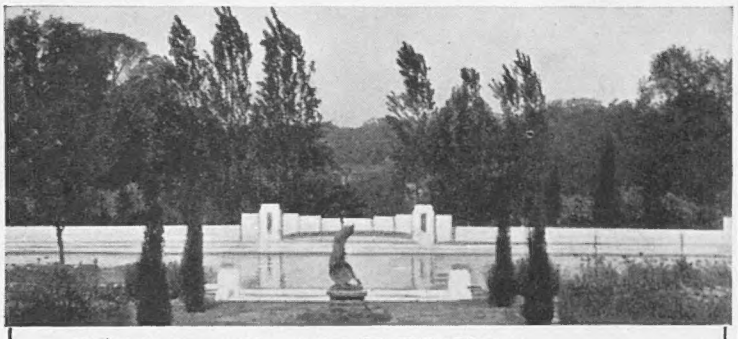
"Folks gotta swim,
Folks gotta dine . . ."

The New Showboat, Maidenhead, is situated 300 yds. over Maidenhead Bridge on the main Bath Road. Here is a spacious swimming pool with sunbathing terraces where it is possible to relax, under Riviera conditions, after your bathe with cooling drinks and a cigarette.

There is also an excellent restaurant with a perfect dance floor, where you may dine or sup at extremely moderate prices and dance to Jack Allan's Band. Special Cabaret attractions.

The New Showboat Club also has its headquarters here and has a luxurious cocktail bar overlooking the Swimming Pool. For particulars of membership, apply to the Secretary.

THE NEW SHOWBOAT · MAIDENHEAD
Phone: Maidenhead 1660



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to Jack Allan's band, and dinner is very reasonable if you want to dine. The Showboat is under new management altogether, and the Club is going strong.

A little farther along, towards Bray, turn sharp left after passing under the railway bridge, and you come to another river club, the **Chateau Bleu**, right on the river itself. You can stay at the Club, bathe and dance, the subscription being only a guinea a year. Temporary membership on application to the secretary. This is a merry young persons' club, moderate in price, with lots of fun going, gay, and with capacious and beautiful gardens and lawns. In addition to the restaurant there is a snack bar. Riding is one of its attractions.

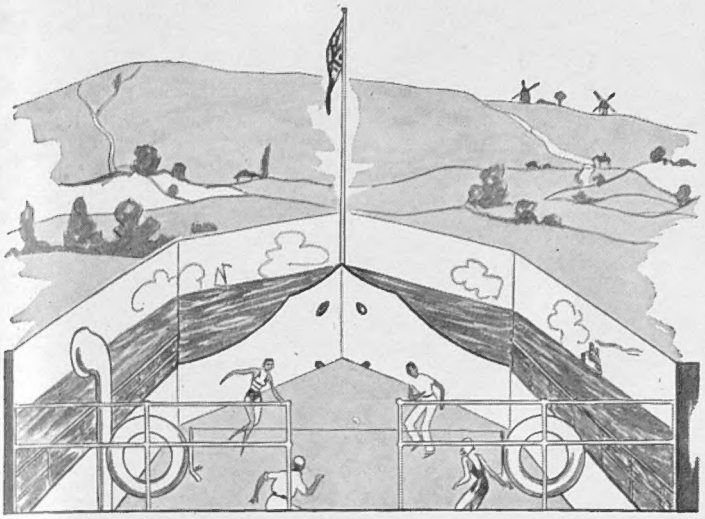
Those who live within the radius of Ascot, Reading, or Camberley might like to know of a delightful bathing-pool, not long since opened, at Wokingham, called **Martin's**, in Milton Road. Set in an idyllic situation, with lawns and flowers, the

"Martin's," at Wokingham, Berks, a dainty and select bathing-pool, which draws those who know from all quarters. It stands in the midst of a beautiful garden fringed by firs and poplars. It is open on Sundays from 3 p.m.

An angle of the Chateau Bleu, near Maidenhead, with the railway bridge just beyond. This is a merry club, with bathing, lawn tennis, riding, and golf near by. It is also residential

bath itself sparkles in a series of wavelets caused by the water pouring down in a cascade of steps, and is purified and warmed. The hostess, Miss Russell, will look after anybody who wants her aid, and trim waitresses bring you tea, ices, and refreshments. Martin's charge you 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. on Sundays (open at 3 p.m.). It is certainly the place on a hot day to spend a few hours bathing and sun-bathing, for the bath is not over-crowded, and is quite select.

If you want the seaside—and who does not?—you are invited to go down to **Angmering Court Club**, the most Continental marine resort in the British Isles. You step from the Club buildings on to the beach, and there is every facility for bathing and boating. It is also residential, with the accommodation much in demand. Beach costumes and negligé are all de rigueur, while the restaurant and dance band and floor are what one would expect of the well-known Mr. Giordano. Last Wednesday a number of Mayfair's "lovelies" flew down in bathing costumes and disported themselves in the Club, which was made the occasion of a gala night. The Club is unique, and the subscription moderate.



The Roof Garden of the Downs Hotel, Hassocks, fitted up like a liner. Beyond are seen the undulating Sussex Downs. This Hotel, which has large grounds and a new "Restorium" for artificial sun-baths, has been recently greatly enlarged. It is famed for its exhilarating air

NOT the same sort of place at all, but appealing to those who want quiet and the fresh air of the Sussex Downs, is the Downs Hotel, Hassocks, some nine miles inland from Brighton. The proprietors have spent large sums recently in bringing this hotel up to date, and adding to the accommodation. Most of the rooms look south to the rolling downs, and there are large grounds, with tennis, croquet, and bowls. Now a "Restorium" has been erected, with the very latest apparatus for artificial sun-bathing. On the roof is a large reproduction of the deck of a liner, with deck quoits and other distractions. With the benefit of sea air without being crowded on the coast, the Downs Hotel has forty bedrooms, and is convenient from London, with a fine train service.

BEFORE finishing with my list, there are two old friends, one south, the other north of London. In the south I can cordially recommend the **Hautboy**, Ockham, Surrey. I enjoyed an excellent dinner there the other day at a price of 6s., equal to anything in the West End. No one bothers you at the Hautboy, but meet Mr. Adams, the proprietor, who has won fame in other fields, and is a jovial sportsman (ask him to show you his greyhounds) and has, besides, some wonderful old cognac. For a quiet evening I ask to go nowhere more pleasant than the Hautboy, with its old-world garden, which is reached by road turning left off the Portsmouth Road just before coming to the Hut, at Wisley.

THE other is **Howard's Park Hotel**, Aston Clinton, near Aylesbury, Bucks. It is easily accessible by train and car. Standing in its own park of some hundreds of acres, this mansion of the Rothschilds offers the acme of comfort at prices extremely modest. Of the hotel, with its great oak ball-room, sun lounge, its up-to-date bed-rooms, I have spoken before. Also of its swimming-pool, supplied from streams on the estate. Since I first drew attention to it, a great many people have visited Mr. Howard's hotel and bathed in the pool, amid a setting of woodland. However, I now inform all and sundry that on August 6th is a gala Italian night, with aquatic sports, fairy lights, diving exhibitions, and general jollification. It will cost you only 2s. 6d. to join in. There will also be dancing to Harry Leader and his B.B.C. Orchestra, and there will be another surprise in store.

The Restaurant of the Hautboy, Ockham, near Ripley, Surrey. It has all the appurtenances of the old baronial manor. The place to lunch, or dine on a hot and stuffy night in Town, and is visited by many famous persons

THE

DOWNS HOTEL

1 hour from London. 12 miles from Brighton.

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For the Moors

Designed expressly for Scotland and early Autumn wear: New Sports Styles

. . by Debenhams

The New Jersey Towelling

. . .

Left illustration

The new jersey towelling is used in this suit, adapted from a Lelong model. The stitching and perfect tailoring are distinctive features. In black, rust, nigger, navy, dusky green and bordeaux. Sizes: 36, 38 and 40. 6½ Gns.
Size 42, 7 Gns.

A New Tweed Yarn

. . .

Right illustration

For Scotland is this Sports Suit, knitted in the new tweed yarn cleverly flecked. Particularly good is the tailoring, and it is completed with scarf in toning shades. In bottle/natural, cinnamon/nigger, red/natural, wine/natural, royal/fawn, chocolate/natural. Sizes: 36, 38 and 40. 7½ Gns.

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Walter Bird

CAROL COOMBE

Carol Coombe is one of David Selznick's captures from England for the film of "David Copperfield" that is to be made in Hollywood. Universal Pictures, with whom she now has a seven years' contract, through Mr. Selznick, searched high and low over here for perfect characters for the Copperfield cast. Carol Coombe was a great success in her part in "Finished Abroad," the girls' school play that ran at the Savoy earlier this year. She is a daughter of Sir Thomas Coombe, of Perth, Australia; her mother is English, and comes from Derbyshire

Right: Mr. Edward Barford, the Hon. Mrs. Barford and Lady Stern are all Frinton regulars. Sitting at tea with them is Major Maitland Kersey

Sir Albert Stern helping Miss Kay Stammers with the straps of her bathing-dress. She is down at Frinton curing her shoulder, which was injured at Wimbledon

Non-Players' Tea Party

Seaside Tennis

The Frinton-on-Sea Tournament

Photos by Swaebe

Bernard Sumner, J. Fawcus, A. D. Forster, Mrs. John Hill, E. H. Burt, Mrs. F. M. Strawson, who won the mixed doubles with A. C. Stedman, Mrs. A. H. Mellows, semi-finalist in the women's singles, Mrs. Ian Baillieu, John Hill, Mrs. E. H. Burt, Miss J. E. Stevens, Mrs. Bernard Sumner and Mrs. Harry Coverdale

Above: another tea-party of four at the Tennis Club were Mrs. Toby Barrett, who plays squash as well as tennis, Mr. D. N. Backhouse, Mr. Toby Barrett and Miss M. E. Leaning. Right: Miss I. Howard, Mrs. Edward Benson and Mrs. Lawie watching the play

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, the President of the National Children Adoption Association, in aid of which the Ball was held, received the guests. She and Lord Ebbisham, the Hon. Treasurer, are fishing for champagne at one of the side-shows

Mr. George Arliss, who is with Mrs. Ripley, went to the Ball at Grosvenor House with Mrs. George Arliss. He dined with the Chairman, Lady Howard de Walden's party, and later helped Princess Alice to present the special prizes to their winners

"Grosvenor Gaieties"

The Last Charity Ball of the Season

Right: Miss Daphne Kingsmill gives Judge Hargreaves a light for an after-supper cigarette

Above: the Hon. Priscilla Scott-Ellis, Lady Howard de Walden's daughter, and the Hon. James Lindsay, who married another daughter, the Hon. Bronwen Scott-Ellis, last year

On the right is Miss Pam Barton (centre of the trio), the new French golf champion, who also took a turn at the champagne-fishing side-show, which was popular though difficult

Miriam Hopkins as Curley Flagg, the cabaret girl who was wanted by the police and took shelter in a college, doing her stuff before the disapproving eyes and in the pyjamas of one of her protectors (Edward Nugent)

"She Loves Me Not"

College Boys and a Cabaret Girl at the Carlton

Miriam Hopkins as Curley Flagg

Left : another scene in college, with Bing Crosby, Lynne Overman, and Miriam Hopkins dressed up as a boy. "She Loves Me Not," as a film, is pure farce ; as a play it was satirical farce, and the better for the satire. However, the farce is good value, and Miriam Hopkins is first-class. The film is now running at the Carlton

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 61.

Mrs. Corrigan

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

THE annual cabaret tombola dinner given by Mrs. Corrigan has run its courses. Her husband was originally a doctor in the Blackstone Hotel at Chicago before making a fortune in steel, and all kinds of unkind stories are told about her first descent on London. One is that someone asked her whether she was going to the Dardanelles (she was going on a yacht). "No," she is said to have replied; "but I have met them."

This small, vivacious American has a social policy all her own. She spends the first half of the season going out and absorbing potential guests. She spends the second half in giving out. That is her self-expression. But she never experiments. That is why she is so exclusive.

Mrs. Corrigan does not entertain people from a sense of duty. Nor, I suspect, because she thinks the conversation is going to be particularly witty. Nor, again, for the sake of publicity. Nowadays she is distinctly shy about references to herself in the newspapers. And no wonder. She entertains because Society is an end in itself as far as she is concerned.

AFTER all, she is a native of Milwaukee, coming from very democratic surroundings. Lindbergh also hails from Wisconsin, and, like him, she climbed away into the upper ether until, frankly, I 've nearly lost sight of her. Her first year in London—ten years ago—she informed the newspapers gladly about the flowers and the guests. Nowadays, I am told by people who have rung up that they are informed that "she is not to be disturbed." Yes, Mrs. Corrigan has had a long trek uphill to the point she now occupies of being almost the most exclusive hostess in London. At first the American colony, including Lady Cunard, would have nothing to do with her. Now they are "very good friends." The first person to take her side in London was Lady Londonderry, who also lent her Charles Sterling, her invaluable social secretary, who had the best dance list in London. At her first party she did what every ultimately successful hostess must do at the start. She made her guests laugh. This was achieved by making the footmen carry large placards marked "Silence" during the cabaret. It was Mrs. Corrigan, indeed, who introduced the cabaret to the private house in England. Then came that famous night which will always be remembered in Mayfair. Mrs. Corrigan had fixed a dinner-party, with the King of Spain as her chief guest. For a certain reason Lady Louis Mountbatten decided to give a party on the same evening, with Royalty and Hollywood film stars to grace her table. Smart Mayfair did not know what to do. It could not be in two places at once. The worst of it was that the two queues of cars, from Brook House at one end and the house in Upper Grosvenor Street at the other, overlapped, so it was very difficult for those guests who came on from the one party to the other to pretend they had been to the theatre earlier in the evening. What a night it was! Incidentally, it was the last big party given at Brook House.

Their Native Heath . . .

The club-house, with Stewart, the famous caddy, A. Coxall, the steward, and Neil, the waiter, better known as "Hot Lips" by the members, standing in the foreground

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 5.—THE BERKSHIRE CLUB

By Charles Graves

FOUNDED less than six years ago, the Berkshire Club has rapidly become a fashion parade for sports clothes. Just as the girl friend likes to take her latest frock to the Embassy and her latest hat to the Ritz, she wants to take her latest tailor-made to the Berkshire. The red-brick club-house thus becomes a semi-permanent Le Touquet-at-Easter. I know of no other place in the country where you see so many good-lookers, from platinum blonde to blue-black brunette—and I haven't forgotten the Hotel de Paris at Bray. Beauty at the Berkshire, indeed, is positively infectious. Even the waitresses—Nora, Kathleen, Olive, and Connie, not to mention Beryl, at the caisse, are noted for their good looks. It is only because C. B. Cochran confines himself to clock-golf that he has not long ago seen them and snapped them up to swell the ranks of his Young Ladies.

This is, perhaps, an unfair, if gallant, way of opening the subject of the Berkshire. It sounds as though the golf was only up to mannequin standards. On the contrary. Both the Red and the Blue course are a real test of golf, and the Blue in particular is enough to break the confidence of any golfer from another course who thinks he is in form. You need a brassie, even in August, for at least four holes. Which is more than you can say for eighty per cent. of the courses throughout the country at this time of year. Pine-trees, broad, heather-flanked fairways, lovely sunsets, long, rolling greens and snaky approaches combine to heal one's irritation at being fooled so often over one's second shot. The caddies are excellent, too. Ten of them receive a pound a week retainer to make sure they don't go a-roving. King of them is Stewart, who for years was Abe Mitchell's special caddie, and who, until 1934, had carried clubs in the Open for the last seven years.

Yes, one must congratulate Bill Sarel, the Secretary. He, too, is an ace in his own way. He has taught more people to be secretaries of golf clubs than anybody else in the world. His pupils include the secretaries at the Royal St. David's, Swinley Forest, Brighton and Hove, Westward Ho!, Northampton County, Stoke Poges, Chertsey, and Formby. No wonder his own courses are run so admirably. Lean-faced and tanned, he is a great judge of form in every way. His chairman is Lord Derby, though it is on record that the latter has only played once at the Berkshire and everybody had far too good manners to watch.

On the Committee is Colonel Roger Brand, a good stockbroker but a bad golfer, who used to be in the Rifle Brigade. This year's Captain is E. W. Howe, who made his money in South America. He is a slow-motion golfer and disinclined to play anything except foursomes if he can avoid it. The back-marker is Noel Layton, who always gets the figures, and, incidentally, the prizes, with almost monotonous regularity. Another hot golfer is George Hannay, a member of the Match Club, who is always prepared to back himself not inconsiderably. Jack Mellor, good-looking, dark-haired, who married Audrey Croft, is another regular. He hits the ball a very long way, and dances quite nicely.

Colonel Jack Hughes always seems to be playing a needle match and is inclined to be a bit difficile, though nothing like so temperamental as Major Le Roy Burnham, who has one of the best swings in the world, but who, if he misses a shot, practically sets light to the course. His clubs have a frequent habit of getting broken. Even his putter has been seen bent into knots.

Mrs. Alec Gold, playing one of her deadly approaches, and Mrs. V. G. Davies

Two types of follow-through: Lord Derby and Arthur Lacey, the pro.

The Earl of Bective and his sweet finish

Major Le Roy Burnham, Frank Mann, the cricketer, and Sir Reginald Clarke

Above, left: Lionel Cohen showing his card to Major Sarel, the Secretary. Above: Col. G. Hannay and Noel Layton

Another exciting golfer is "Mad Jack" Matheson, who has a dog called Blackie. You should see him wave his clubs and blame the dog. Another high-spirited golfer is Mrs. Jean Heneage, who has just re-married her husband. She addresses the ball in no uncertain manner. By contrast, Kathleen Lady Drogheda is a jolly golfer, and plays with Kaye Don occasionally. Mrs. V. G. Davies is one of the best women players and has a very nice swing.

Major Aird is a trifle disconsolate and has just asked for his handicap to be put up. Peter Carlos Clarke has no nerves at all and knocks down trees and hedges with his motor-car and also, fortunately, impunity. Perhaps it is because he is a Christian Scientist. Barry Cumberlege is a long-hitting two who gives nothing away. Basil Hill-Wood, though left-handed at cricket, is a right-handed golfer, playing off sixteen and always ready to back himself for a sovereign. Those who know him think this is a pity. It is quite unfair to suggest that Sir Montague Barlow ought to be wheeling a winkle-barrow in Constantinople. He is a conscientious golfer when he does play. Mr. Lionel Cohen, K.C., is not very big, but is an infuriatingly good putter.

Nobody seems to have seen Lord Astor play golf at the Berkshire, but I am assured that he has done so. Peter Smith-Dorrien, son of the late Field-Marshal, is a sterling twelve. He has black hair but a good temper, despite the fact that his ugly closed stance is always liable to produce a violent hook. I am not sure that he is a member, but, like Lord Curzon, he frequently plays at the Berkshire with Mr. David Rhys. Lord Curzon is very good-looking, as befits his lovely mother and his beautiful sister, not to mention his exquisite Alfa-Romeo. David Rhys wears a glove on his left hand. He is tall and excessively good-looking, as anybody who stayed at the Dorchester last year or is now staying at Claridge's (where he is manager) will tell you. Unfortunately, he has a very short back swing and is inclined to shut the face of his club. The result is that instead of having a handicap of three or four, he is a twelve. Shortly after marrying Lady Anne Wellesley he tried to persuade his bride to take up golf. I do not think, however, that she has persevered with it. And quite rightly.

Perhaps the most colourful member of the club is Hamar Bagnall. He always looks as though he has just come back from Switzerland—and usually has. You never know what he is going to do next, or where you are going to see him next. I believe he is something to do with the Stock Exchange. It was Hamar, of course, who, having been clean-bowled first ball in a country-house cricket match, reassembled the bails, turned to the bowler, and said in his best Casino voice: "Suivi."

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York are both members of this club. Though most people do not know it, the Duke of York is a much better golfer than his elder brother. Although he does not play very regularly, he is a steady seven. It is odd to note in this connection that one of the members' names is A. King George—a charming man, I am told, but rather deaf. Sir Clive Wigram is another member, though his golf has deteriorated. The professional is none other than A. J. Lacey. Nor must I forget Mrs. Gray-Horton, one of the very best-looking members of the club, whose husband used to be Adjutant of his battalion in the Scots Guards, and who now spends his time inventing things of, I fancy, great commercial value.

I know nothing of the form of Sir William Max Muller, nor of Lord Suffield; but one cannot know everything, can one? Wilfred Bennett used to be in the 12th Lancers. He is now a barrister, and was formerly in Norman Birkett's chambers. He has a willowy figure but is a much-improved golfer. There are also Commander Frampton, secretary to Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, and also interested in a decorating business, handicap 12; Captain J. Nicholls, father of Mrs. Peter Horlick and Pamela Nicholls: two very pretty girls who considerably add to the beauty and gaiety of the Club; Major R. Sloane Stanley, a recent member and owner of most of the property round Sloane Square, whose daughter, Diana, and her husband, Elwyn Rhys, are often to be seen in a four-ball with Lord Hampden, whose interests are equally divided between golf and his trout stream in Herefordshire. He is a stuffy man to beat, for, although over sixty, he never takes more than five at any hole; George Newman and his wife, who was Lady Joan Villiers, not to be confused with the present Lady Joan Colville, usually play singles together; and Coxall, the steward, always gives one a good game in mid-week. Plays off 12, but once he is in a bunker the hole is always yours. Finally, there is "Khaki" Roberts, a cheerful golfer with a comical style. He is what you might call the complete swayer and executes an enormous dive down on to the ball. With this happy-go-lucky player, I think we can conclude.

Yevonde

The Lady Joan Bridgeman

Lady Joan Bridgeman is one of the best-looking of an extraordinarily attractive season of débutantes and has only narrowly missed being acclaimed a beauty. She was born in 1916, and is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, her elder sisters being Lady Diana Abdy, Sir Robert Abdy's wife, and Lady Anne Bridgeman. She has one brother, Lord Newport, who is twenty-three. The Bradfords' London house is in Grosvenor Crescent; when the season ends they go to Weston Park, their place near Shifnal

Yevonde

Miss Charmian Fane

Charmian Fane's first season also was given a flying start by her good looks and gay vivacity. She is the elder daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Fane, and a granddaughter of Lord Clinton. Her elder brother is in the Coldstream Guards, her father's old regiment

Tunbridge

Miss Virginia Gilliatt

Their First Season Over

Three Debs Who 've Done the Round

Left: the third of an attractive trio of débutantes is Virginia Gilliatt, Captain and Mrs. John Gilliatt's only daughter, who has been doing the season from her parents' London house, and is off in August for a round of visits in the country. She is very musical, studied in Paris and Munich before she came out, and is going on working when she comes back to London in the autumn

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

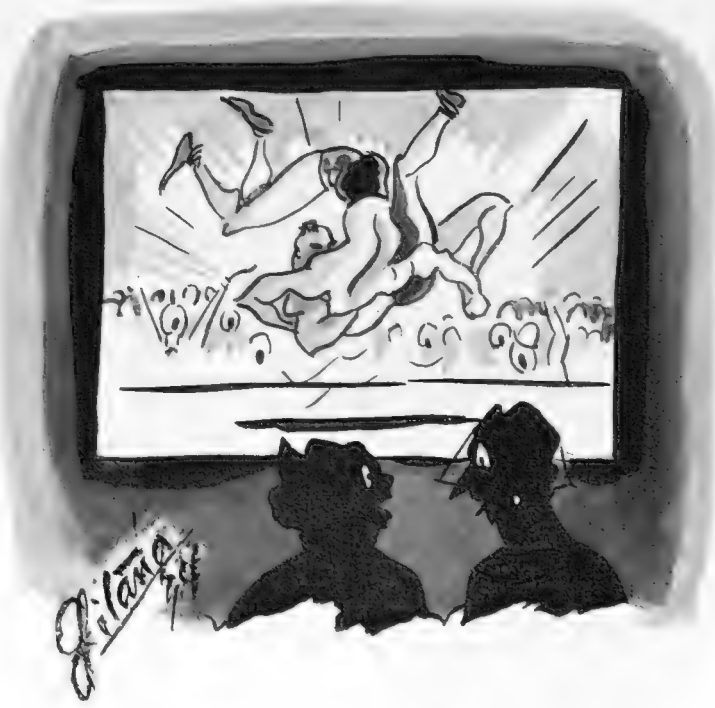
By "The Bystanders"

Disarmament News

THE Treaty of Versailles (don't get alarmed, lovelies, it isn't going to be as bad as you think), which was the Peace Treaty after the war that ended wars, you will remember, contained a neat little clause by which all the nations were going to reduce their armaments like anything. We have now reached the point at which this clause is going to be put into operation, and the millennium is consequently at hand. Germany is busy disarming by increasing her foreign purchases of arms to such an extent that she cannot pay her ordinary trading debts. Italy is disarming by building two gigantic battleships, and France is welcoming this generous gesture of good-will by doing the same. The United States, not anxious to be behind-hand in pacific chivalry, is going to increase its Navy, and Japan is so delighted at this prospect that it intends to build ship for ship with the U.S.A. Great Britain is not to be left out of this exchange of fraternal greetings. We are disarming to the tune of forty-one new squadrons of aeroplanes, and so everyone is happy. The Treaty is being faithfully carried out, the chances of war immensely diminished by this great reduction of armaments, and every nation is delighted with every other nation. Or something. Eh?

Military Sensation

AN extraordinary commotion has been caused in Army circles by the victory of a regular soldier, for the first time in history, in the King's Cup for rifle-shooting at Bisley. A serious view of the matter is being taken in some of the Service clubs, we understand. "It creates a deplorable precedent," said Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley Juggins, K.C.B., to our representative. "When I was a subaltern in the march to Ashantee, none of our officers would have recognised a rifle if they had seen one, which I am glad to say they never had" (the Major-General's grammar, not ours). Lieut.-General Sir John Balaclava Stiggins, M.V.O., stated in an interview: "Hand-guns, damme? Never heard of such a thing. In my day, any fellow who knew anything about a hand-gun would have been blackballed from the club, damme." Brig.-General (Land Purchase and Salvage of Agricultural Machinery Department) Sir Inkerman Jugg, O.B.E., said: "It isn't cricket. Mind you, I 'm a broad-minded man. I don't object to women using powder-puffs and all that, though, naturally, I bar those Bolshy lip-sticks. But when it comes to officers of the Regular Army neglecting their polo and their jumping, and going in for rifle-shooting, then I put my foot down. Leave all that nonsense to civilians, that 's what I say. After all, in the next war they 'll have to do all the fighting. Just like the last war."



"And then you add the tiniest bit of cinnamon"

The Wild Highlanders

THE proposal to reunite all the Camerons into a single, subscription-paying clan, swearing loyalty to Lochiel (whom we congratulate, by the way, on his recent Knighthood of the Thistle) and regarding Achnacarry as the gathering-place of the clan, seems to us to be opening up very dangerous possibilities. Peaceful, law-abiding English folk do not always realise what bloodthirsty chaps these Highlanders can be. The re-establishment of Clan Cameron would inevitably lead to the re-establishment of Clan Campbell, and that would automatically bring the Clan Donald into the field. Then the fun would begin. The Macleods would rally to the Campbells. The Macgregors would creep round Loch Lomond, on the chance that someone had left some cattle lying about. The Stewarts would raise hell in Appin because of the execution of James Stewart of the Glens in the 1740's, and the Mackenzies might want to have a word or two with the Macdonalds, and the Macdonalds would certainly reopen the question of sundry happenings in Glencoe. Let sleeping clans lie. That 's the ticket.

A Worthy Cause

RELAPSING for one instant into a priggish seriousness, we want to commend a good cause. It is, in fact, a remarkably good cause, for it combines social, hygienic, artistic, and historical goodness. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is Patron of the Council for the Improvement of Tower Hill, and £100,000 is wanted. So far, £36,000 has been collected. The foreshore of the Thames in front of the Tower has already been made into a paddling-beach for the children of the East End, and a waterman has been

"And then I say, 'Supper is served,' and you fling the doors open"

engaged to rescue adventurous small paddlers from destruction. Then the hideous warehouses on Tower Hill will be torn down, and the most famous site in the British Empire will be restored to its ancient grandeur and dignity. A worthy cause? We think so. And if you don't, it simply confirms what we have suspected all along, that you are addle-headed nit-wits.

The Ribbon Trade

WE are getting into a grave muddle over these new roads. In fact, our brains, never of the stoutest, as our sweet, regular readers will be the first to testify (sink them and rot them for pestilential gad-flies!), are wobbling seriously. You see, this is our trouble. If you have a town that is so crowded and that has such narrow streets that motor traffic is held up, it is obviously a good egg to by-pass it. You are with us so far? Good! But if you then proceed to allow the speculative builder to build his beastly ribbons of villas on each side of the by-pass, you then get a second town just as congested as the first. Still with us? Grand! So you obviously have either to by-pass the by-pass, or to go back through the first town. And if you go back through the town, you are as badly off as before, whereas if you by-pass the by-pass you will soon have a second ribbon and a third town, and then you will have to by-pass the by-pass-by-pass—help! A doctor! Inveresk House is spinning round like a demented dervish, and pale pink frogs in ear-flapped travelling-caps are peeping out from behind the card-index!

Man, the Practical Genius

IT was Hamlet who made a few sarcastic remarks about Man, and how he is "in apprehension like a god" and a "paragon of animals." Mr. Ivor Brown has recently been rubbing it in, with all his own brilliant wit and command of epigram, on the subject of men's clothes in a heat-wave. "Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun. Even more remarkable, they both go out in their winter coats," says Mr. Brown. "A cloth coat, sleeved and tight under the arms, is an absurd garment for the scorching days," says Mr. Brown. And then, characteristically, he pursues the matter to its final conclusion. It is ideal, in theory, to go to the office or stroll about the streets without a coat on. But in this brave new world there are political complications. "The business of dropping the coat has been complicated by the new significance of shirts; in some countries a man can hardly remove his coat without discovering that he has joined a new and unintended sect and made some unexpected foes." Mr. Brown ought to be—and yet will be, if we are any judge of things (and, by thunder, judges of things is just exactly what we are!)—the Voltaire of the age.

Really, Sir Thomas!

THE Attorney-General shot off a beauty last week in his gallant defence of the Bill which will send people to prison for inciting the soldiers and sailors to dislike the idea of war. Incidentally, we wonder if the Tories would have brought this Bill forward during the lifetime of F. E. Smith and Joynson-Hicks, who so successfully

"Oh, I just chucked some odd seed into the border, Colonel"

incited the troops at the Curragh to mutiny in 1914. But that is beside the point. What Sir Inskip said in the House of Commons was this: "We do not engage agents provocateurs in this country." Has he never heard of raids upon night-clubs, where policemen in tail-coats and black waistcoats and made-up ties and square-toed boots give evidence that they bought drinks after hours? Is he really so gloriously innocent as all that? Why, we understand that the new Cops' College, that is so dear to the heart of Lord Trenchard, is solely designed to teach policemen how to conduct themselves as agents provocateurs at night-clubs. The first six lectures at the College, we are informed, are on the subject of "White Waistcoats: Their Cause and Cure."

Yogey, Yogey

MR. YEATS-BROWN, that well-known exponent of the art of standing on one's head, has written a reply to Mr. Beverley Nichols's *Cry Havoc*. Mr. Yeats-Brown's book is called *Dogs of War*, and it is a most gloriously muddle-headed book. "War is a grand thing," cries Mr. Yeats-Brown, in effect. "Bigger and better wars." And then he adds that people are foolish to object to big armaments. "Big armaments are the best prevention of wars." There 's a spot of clever thinking for you. There 's our big, brave, lucid boy. Mr. J. B. Priestley turned some pretty heavy artillery on to Mr. Yeats-Brown's quaint rubbish, and not all the yelpings of Mr. Douglas Jerrold could avert the storm of heavy shells which tore the *Dogs of War* to tatters.

"WOT red mark on the pressure gauge, Cap'n?"

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 9.—Charterhouse

The Carthusian tie, when all is said,
Is good to view.
It 's made up of pink, a noble red
And deepest blue.

THOUGH Cockney-born, the school to-day
Enjoys a peaceful country life,
Though "bricks" innumerable may
Be popular in "Crown,"
For if your inner man should call,
You can't resist the violent strife
They 'd never brook within Brooke Hall
When masters settle down.

Carthusians, I 'm glad to say,
Do not enjoy wild games of chance,
Though at the closing of the day
They usually are seen
To give a solemn hour or so
To "Banco" that 's unknown in France,
For by that word I 'd have you know
That "prep." is what they mean.

"Bloods" who perform great deeds on Green
At "Soccer" or with willow bat,
Like smaller fry who 've not yet been
Promoted to "Post Te,"
May be "all-rounders," but at night
You 'll find that they will change all that,
For when they seek their pillows white,
In "cubes" they 're found to be! B. W.

A Chip of an Old Block

YOUNG Master Shackleton is off to the North. We suppose we ought to be more respectful, but really, he is only about twenty-two. He is one of the numerous replies to our retired colonels who say that we are all going to the dogs. Last year Mr. Shackleton was exploring in the tropical country of Borneo. This year he is the organiser of the Oxford Expedition to some fearful spot in the Arctic regions. We suppose he enjoys it. We do not suppose that we would. But, there—tastes differ, as you might say, and we will confine ourselves to wishing him good luck.

The Immortal Sherlock

WHAT an amazing grip upon the British imagination (don't laugh, dash it!) Holmes and Watson have. One of our leading Sunday contemporaries is being bombarded with letters about various slips which Sherlock made in his deductions, and two books about the famous pair have been published within the last few weeks. The latest of them is called *Baker Street Studies*, and it contains essays on Watson's medical capacities, on brother Mycroft (this is by Father "Ronnie" Knox, and is very brilliant), on Holmes's attitude to the fair sex, on Holmes's career as an undergraduate, and several other obscure points in the saga. And Mrs. Martha Hudson, the great landlady, comes in for her long-overdue biography. THE BYSTANDERS.

The Passing Picture Show

Favouritism: By Sydney Tremayne

THE week's new films seem to be exclusively dependent on "star appeal." The pictures themselves cannot be said to have any outstanding merits. There is *The Great Schnozzle*, at the Leicester Square Theatre, which will doubtless keep the jaded and almost permanently (heat-) waved seekers after hilarity, if not in fits, at least in spasms of laughter, not because it is either very brilliant or very novel in conception or treatment, but because the man with the sly eyes and monstrous nose, who has the capacity to make quick-fire misappropriation of word and cliché sound funny, does amuse a large number of people.

"The House of Connelly"

Robert Young as the last of the impoverished House of Connelly, and Janet Gaynor as the girl he loves, who shows him the way to make money, in the film of Paul Green's novel showing at the Regal

"The Great Schnozzle"

Right: "Schnozzle" Durante and Lupe Velez through the eyes of Steig, the famous American humorous artist. Schnozzle's latest film, in which Lupe Velez is the decoration, is at the Leicester Square Theatre

PERSONALLY, I thought the best things in the film were the two prize-fights, not meant to be funny, except for Durante's ringside exhortations and grimaces, and the loveliness of Lupe Velez's figure in a black frock, with a decolletage of entirely new cut. Women patrons, please note that it demands the lovely figure, otherwise the effect would be disastrous.

We are asked to accept the great Durante as an eccentric, wildly enthusiastic and unscrupulous trainer, who lures the son of an ex-champion and ex-husband from the fond arms of a good mother and good girl, and makes him champion by the simple process of paying his opponents to lie down.

Stuart Erwin, as the subject of the experiment, is as stupid and as vain as the part requires, but looks far too fat and out of training even to win the initial fight by a fluke. William Cagney, as his rival in the ring and the vampire lady's affections, "strips" and boxes much more convincingly. He resembles his famous brother, James, and has much of his verve and energy. Marjorie Rambeau, as the boxer's mother, gives point to some not very subtle dialogue. To wit: The Father: "He 's a chip off the old block." The Mother: "Slice off the old ham, you mean!" It got a laugh.

Samples of Jimmy Durante's gems of repartee are, when warned not to "cross" a certain man: "For ten 'G' I 'd cross the ocean in a paper bag," and when a satellite asks "What 'll I talk about?" he answers: "Talk about a minute, that 'll be enough."

TO the Regal, Marble Arch, the venue of faithful "fans," comes a Janet Gaynor picture called *The House of Connelly*. Until recently, and probably still, in spite of insipid and indifferent pictures, this little brown mouse of an actress had the largest following of any star in the world, not excepting Garbo, and so one presumes this picture is sure of several weeks run in London and a triumphal tour of the provinces.

ROBERT YOUNG, whose manly attributes and debonair manner are carrying him to stardom, is her leading man, and Lionel Barrymore, who has an impressive multitude of admirers, is also starred. This time it is his head, instead of his heart, which is unsound, and he does his "old actor" stuff in the way which his "fans" applaud.

With this collection of popular favourites it probably does not matter that the film is a poor affair: sentiment and snobbery at war on the old plantation. Humour, supplied by the inaudible drooling of an idiot negro man-servant, is at a discount.

The House of Connelly is represented by a shrewish and proud widow, "Uncle Bob," a veteran of the war between North and South, who lives in the past and constantly extricates himself from scenes of demented ranting by marching off to war again, and the son of the house, destined to save the family fortunes by marrying an heiress. But he falls in love with the poor orphan whom his mother would turn out of her humble home. The girl has a "hunch" that the Cigarette Age is at hand, so the old plantation becomes a prosperous tobacco-growing and manufacturing concern, the mother's heart is softened by profits and a grandchild (Shirley Temple, the latest infant prodigy and star of *Baby Take a Bow*, at the Capitol), and there you have it in a nutshell, or, rather, a tobacco-leaf. The photography is a long way after Borzage, which means misty but unimaginative, and all the stars run true to form.

"BLOSSOM TIME," the latest musical romance founded on the Schubert story, with Richard Tauber in the chief rôle, had an enthusiastic reception when shown to the trade, but as the date of its presentation to the public has not yet been announced, judgment is reserved. The music and the star ensure a wide and enduring appeal. Another picture to look forward to is *The Affairs of Cellini*, with Fredric March as the fascinating rascal Benvenuto and Constance Bennett in a much more worthy rôle as the Duchess of Florence.

Yesterday—as Tessa in Germany

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" is not the first play by Margaret Kennedy that Elisabeth Bergner has acted in. She appeared in the German version of "The Constant Nymph," and had a brilliant success in Berlin as Tessa. In the photograph on the right, the Bergner seems strangely to have changed her nationality: she looks French, she *is* French. This was in *Kameliendame (La Dame aux Camélias)*, in which she also appeared in Berlin

As Marguerite, in "Kameliendame"

To-day—as Gemma Jones

Yesterday They Looked Like This . . .

No. 2. Elisabeth Bergner Then and Now

AS Gemma Jones, in *Escape Me Never*, the play that Margaret Kennedy wrote specially for her, Elisabeth Bergner filled the Apollo to capacity from last December until last week, when the play's run ended and the Austrian actress left the London stage for at least a year. She is going to make a film in England when she is rested, and then goes to America, to appear, again as Gemma Jones, in New York in January. She has planned to play Rosalind in *As You Like It* at Stratford next year, and after that everyone who loves the theatre will be waiting for her return to London

Round the Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Mrs. John Taylor

The attractive Mrs. John Taylor is Hungarian by birth; she has two children, and a flat in William Street, where she gave a cocktail-party the other day. She gets her perfect golden tan by flying to the Isle of Wight every week-end

Mlle. Sylvia de Oliveira and Mr. Peter Stewart

Sylvia Regis de Oliveira looked as decorative as usual at the Vintage Club party on M.S. Dagenham. She was sketched concentrating on bacon and eggs, with Peter Stewart concentrating on her

Sir Oswald Mosley

Sir Oswald Mosley, England's would-be Mussolini, has a black shirt in the picture, but no bodyguard, for once. He was at the Objectors' Dinner which was given by the January Club at the Trocadero

Miss Zara Deuchar

Zara Deuchar is one of the three nice-looking Deuchar sisters, whose parents live at North Berwick and have good house-parties there during the summer golf season. She is wearing a navy-and-white printed dress

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

OFF we go for the holidays! Or, at least, *you* go. But when speeding off to lovely climes, which include, of course, your own home-country, spare a thought, dear friends (if any), and write a few lines of encouragement to one who is miserably marooned in the metropolis. Tell me, for instance, of your hotel or boarding-house, how your fellow-guests behave, of their idiosyncrasies, the comic difficulties of a new language.

Think what a help Mrs. (Laura) Corrigan could be, with a few snippets from Wiesbaden; Mr. Sidney Beer can regale me with all the news from Salzburg, never once omitting the names of Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon, please, for they will be ensconced in the home of Count and Countess Paul Munster. Then Mr. Frazier Jelke can write me his impressions of Monte Carlo, never forgetting to describe the blondes in the Casino Cabaret, and to give me news of Lady Baillie and Lady Bridget Poulett.

THE Duchess of Westminster could let me know all about the fishing at Kylestrome, and upon Sir Harold Bowden I shall rely for my news about Cowes and yachts in general, and "Maid Marion," in particular. Mrs. Woolley Hart might give me a glowing description of Deauville, enclosing, of course, photographs of M. André and Prince Aly Khan. Mrs. Syrie Maugham must tell me about villa life in Le Touquet,

Mr. Philip Kindersley and Mrs. Graeme Ogden

Mr. Philip Kindersley and Mrs. Graeme Ogden were at the Vintage Club party on board the New Dagenham. Mrs. Ogden wore a mink cape round her shoulders

Miss "Tiny" Dennistoun-Sword

Miss "Tiny" Dennistoun-Sword was at the Objectors' Dinner, too, but we don't know which side she backed. Anyway, she looked very decorative in a brown dress and cape, and huge amber ear-rings

Captain R. Gordon-Canning

Captain Bobby Gordon-Canning was at the Objectors' (to Fascism) Dinner given by the January Club, at which Sir Oswald Mosley answered questions. Captain Canning is not an "objector," but an ardent Fascist

Above: Mrs. FitzClarence, Col. the Hon. Osbert Vesey and Lady Howard de Walden, the Chairman, at the Grosvenor Gaieties Ball which was held last week

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Guy Carleton Paget at Eden Roc, Cap d'Antibes, where they are honeymooning. Mrs. Carleton Paget was Winifred Paget, Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget's daughter

GOING OUT TO

and Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes, having banished her famous crushed-strawberry confection, to be replaced by beach pyjamas, will scribble notes about Biarritz.

Mrs. Leander MacCormick will tell me how brown her husband's back has become at the Lido; Mrs. Hubert Martineau will send a list of the bags of grouse from the Yorkshire moors (and possibly a brace with the list). There remain such places as Margate, Southend and Blackpool, but as my own holiday is likely to be confined to these resorts, I feel I should like to keep them in reserve.

THERE is one function for which the weather is always fine, and that is the Royal Garden Party. This can be termed the last official party of the season, with the exception of Goodwood—but top-hats are not necessary there any more, very fortunately. Those who remember climbing up from Chichester in growlers, on a hot day, wearing morning clothes, say that, oddly enough, it quite detracted from some of Goodwood's charm. But now striped flannel suits, Homburgs and Panamas are the fashion. A very pleasant feature of the meeting is the proximity of the luncheon-tents to the stands. Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe, in whose hands are the catering arrangements, announces that he has already caught all the salmon and shot all the quails necessary. This is no big feat for the gallant Captain, when one remembers his parrot-shooting exploits as a guest of the Maharajah of Rajpipla, who always has a tent at this meeting.

THE British Sportsman's Club, of which Lord Decies is the Chairman, gave Mr. "Tommy" Sopwith a good "send-off" at a Savoy luncheon on Thursday. The crew which mutinied were not present. The Duke of Sutherland presided, and flowers in Mr. Sopwith's racing colours of orange and royal blue were used for table decorations. Yachting notables present included Sir Philip Hunloke, Sir Ralph Gore, who represents the Royal Yacht Squadron aboard the American entrant, Mr. Charles Nicholson, who designed "Endeavour," and the owners of "Candida," "Shamrock," "Astra," and "Velsheda." Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, Commodore of the R.Y.S., proposed the toast of Mr. Sopwith's health.

THERE was rather a lot of heartburning over the Beaver party, as one may term the one given at Stornoway House by his Lordship of Beaverbrook. So many said "Of course, Max always invites me to his parties"; but this time the host cut down invitations very considerably. One member of the Peerage "gate-crashed," and it was rather difficult to know what to do about him. There was the biggest dance-band one could ever see—about five rolled into one—to which Mr. Winston Churchill danced with great enjoyment, one of his partners being Miss Toto Koopman, quite the nicest Javanese of my acquaintance. Lord and Lady Weymouth, the Cunningham-Reids, Dr. Kommer, Mr. Charles Sweeny and Lord Dufferin (without their wives), Lady Diana Cooper, and the "gate-crashing" peer were all present.

Sir James Dunn should have been also there, but was far too busy preparing for his departure to Canada on the Saturday. He suddenly decided to take with him his youngest daughter, aged five, the nurse, the governess, the chauffeur, the chef, a secretary, two spaniel puppies and twenty-five wild duck, which will swim on his New Brunswick lakes. Lady Dunn is off to Ireland, and to Austria, to shoot chamois.

THE Russian Ballet still attracts full houses. Among the regulars to attend are the Sitwell family, of whom sister Edith is not nearly so awesome as she looks. Cecil Beaton hovers about like a dove. Brigitta is now a member of the Ballet; her name was judged too Nordic to appear among those of the rest of Colonel de Basil's young ladies, and she has been re-christened Vera Zorina. William Gerhardi is another enthusiast for Russian Ballet, also he can talk the language: this he did with Lady Kemball Cook, whom people still continue stupidly to mistake for Lady Melchett. Gerhardi's new book deals with astral projections: he himself has lately been visiting friends

Swaebe

Above is Miss Joan Ridley, who was down at Frinton for the tennis tournament, and won the Women's Singles. On the left is Nigel Haig, the Middlesex Captain, sunbathing after swimming

GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Above, left: Mr. Maxwell Turner and Lady Worthington Evans at the Bar Golfing Society's Ball in the Middle Temple Hall. Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans is a barrister

Above: Mr. John de Laszlo helping the Hon. Mrs. Lucius Carey and her two daughters, Elizabeth Ann and Jean, to build a sand-castle at Frinton. Mrs. Carey (Joan Southey that was) divorced her husband, the Master of Falkland, last year

Swaebe

like this, he says, just slipping into the fourth dimension, and looking at them when they do not know it. It might at times be moderately awkward to be so espied. Of the ballerinas, Nina Tarakanova, wearing the latest Schiaparelli, looked quite qualified, at the Dorchester the other night, to be taken on to the Florida, the happy hunting-ground of the blondes she was watching.

"Schiap" herself is just off to Sweden for a trip, while her London maison is fitting out such films as *Brewster's Millions*, with Lili Damita, who has been occasionally to Leeds Castle this summer. Laura la Plante, in *Admirals All*, has also been rigged up by "Schiap.," who will probably return with the Nobel Prize in her pocket.

THE season is now in full swing in Pyajama-land, in other words, the South of France. At the Summer Sporting Club in Monte Carlo Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, who is staying at her villa in Mentone, was in a large party given by the Grand Duke Dmitri, as were Serge Lifar and Baron Wrangel. Messrs. Bobby Nothmann and Felix Ferry keep anxious and watchful eyes upon the cabaret, for which they are responsible. At Cannes "Victor" has opened a Garden Grill as well as his night-club opposite the Palm Beach Casino, in which have been seen Mrs. Simon Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Paris Singer and Captain and Mrs. Grant Milne.

MALVERN must claim pride of place in the theatrical world. It has been en fête all last week, and will be until August 18th, with its Drama Festival, and visitors from all over the world. The Festival would not be complete without its patron saint, Bernard Shaw, who celebrated his birthday on Thursday simultaneously with John Drinkwater's daughter, Penelope Ann, aged five. The two juveniles had a tea-party on the great day. Drinkwater's new play, *A Man's House*, was the first play of the series arranged by Sir Barry Jackson. There are garden-parties held every Monday afternoon, and on other afternoons the foreign visitors are all entertained. After the play, the audience takes itself off to the Winter Gardens, for refreshments, and dancing and swimming in the flood-lit bathing-pool.

There are concerts, too, held on Sunday evenings, under the direction of Scott Sunderland, who also acts in several of the plays; Harriet Cohen and Beatrice Harrison have both been playing with the City of Birmingham Orchestra. A distinguished French professor, Louis Cazamian, has been sent over from the Sorbonne, with a view to French schools visiting the Festival in the future as part of their educational scheme. In fact, Malvern is making a bold and gallant effort to provide us with a sort of Salzburg-at-your-doors.

CHARLES B. COCHRAN is telling us a great deal about his new revue, *Streamline*, by A. P. Herbert and Ronald Jeans, with music by Vivian Ellis. One of the contributors to the décor is Rex Whistler, who has painted the frescoes in the luncheon-room of the Tate Gallery. Tilly Losch has definitely accepted the engagement, there are to be can-can dancers, Florence Desmond, and Zadika, a beautiful Berber girl whom C. B. discovered during a holiday in North Africa two years ago. How hard the poor man must work on his holidays! It has not yet been decided what her part is to be. MR. PEEPS

Eclipse Day at Sandown

Sir Mathew Wilson walking round with Lady Buchanan-Jardine, who was wearing a big black velvet hat with her all-white dress

Above: the Duke of Norfolk talking to Lady Anne Hunloke and the Hon. Esmé Glyn in the paddock

Below: Brigitte Helm, the lovely German film star, and Jean Murat, the French screen actor, were photographed at the Jardins Exotiques at Monte Carlo

Stars on the Riviera

Left: Miss Doris Duke, heiress of an American tobacco fortune, was photographed at Bailey's Beach, Newport, the most exclusive bathing beach in the U.S.A. Miss Duke, who may or may not be the richest girl in the world, was over in England two years ago

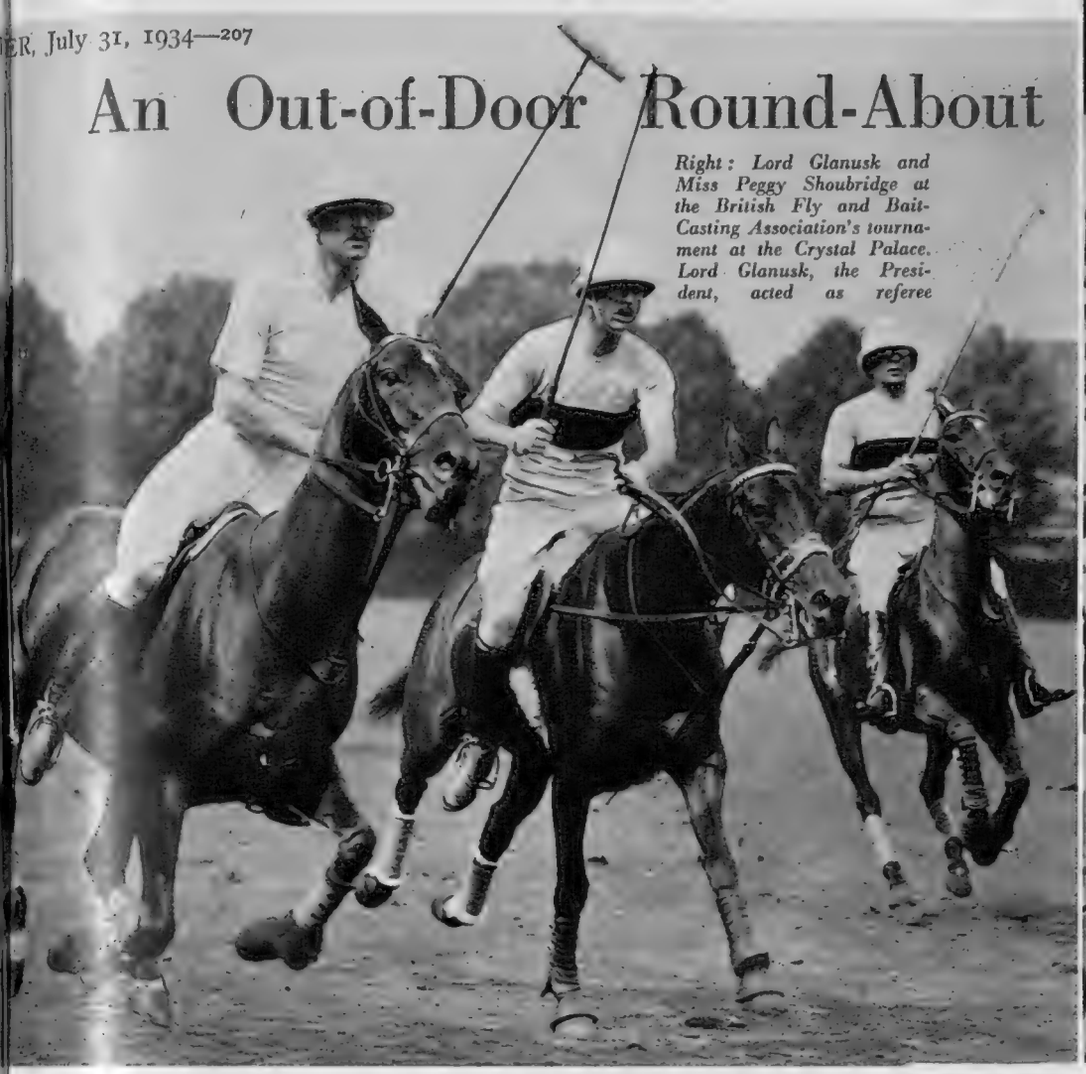
Glimpse of an Heiress

Lady Northbrook and Lord Albemarle, who was staying at the Squadron, starting off to see friends on the Island

Cowes Wears Its Summer Yachting

Mrs. Robert Some... mouth and Lord ... yachts, "Tiercel" a...

An Out-of-Door Round-About



Right: Lord Glanusk and Miss Peggy Shoubridge at the British Fly and Bait-Casting Association's tournament at the Crystal Palace. Lord Glanusk, the President, acted as referee

Polo for Clubmen—the Cavalry Club Defeat Buck's

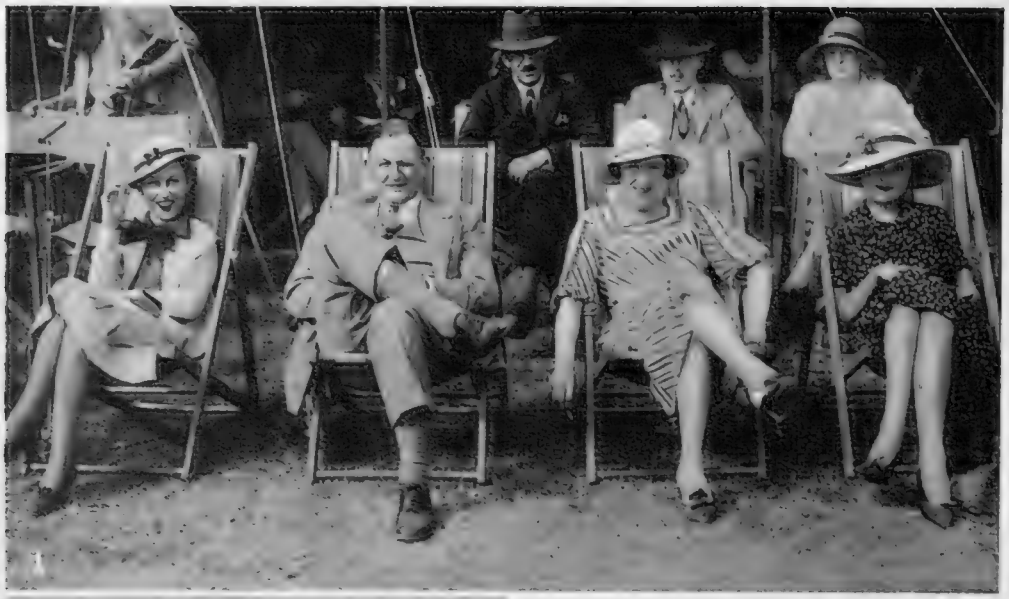
The Cavalry Club "B" team beat Buck's Club by six goals to four in the Social Clubs Cup Final at Hurlingham. Above are Lord Erne, Buck's Club No. 1, Mr. Arthur Smith Bingham, and Captain P. W. Dollar, the Cavalry Club No. 1 and No. 2, in a scurry in the third chukka

lking to Lord Tweed-, who both had their ina Marie," at Cowes

Before the "Endeavour" Sailed

Mr. and Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith and Mr. Charles Nicholson who designed and built "Endeavour," looking very cheerful at Gosport just before the challenger for the "America's" Cup sailed

Right: Lady Jersey and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin walking round together under Mrs. Baldwin's sunshade, at Osterley Park, the Jerseys' home, where a Primrose League function was being held



(1) Miss Betty Williams, Capt. F. J. Mitchell, Royal Fusiliers, Mrs. Ransome and Miss Bridget Thomas. (2) Major-Gen. H. P. Hill, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Colonel of the Royal Fusiliers and I-C Administration Southern Command, and the Earl of Dalkeith. (3) Mrs. Martin, Mr. C. W. C. Packe, Royal Fusiliers, and Brig.-Gen. H. W. W. Wynter. (4) Capt. N. Palmer, Adjutant, 7th Hussars, Miss Bridget Hill, Maj.-Gen. Hill's daughter, Major Douglas Hill, 7th Hussars, Mrs. Hill and Miss Rosemary Sanders. (5) Mrs. Charles Knight and Miss M. Kingsford - Lethbridge

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Defeat of a Regiment

The Eton Ramblers Beat the Royal Fusiliers at Hounslow Barracks

Hampshire Waterfront

Ashore at the Hamble Club

From the gardens of the club—the Hamble River and a few of the myriad boats that anchor there at week-ends. In the deck-chair group are Colonel McGrath and Miss Pearson; on the ground, Mr. Jack Bartholomew and Major W. R. Alexander-Keeble

A view of the club-house from the waterfront. The Hamble Country Club is a social club and not a yacht club pure and simple. Yachtsmen, when they 're tired of the sea, can come ashore to eat, drink, and dance there, or just sit in the garden

A tea-drinking group on the terrace of the club includes Commander the Hon. Walter Carson, Lord Carson's son, Commander and Mrs. C. J. Hill, Dr. Lamplough, Mr. Chesterman, the Hon. Mrs. Walter Carson, Miss Gaunt, and Mrs. Handley

Mrs. Duckworth-King and Major W. R. Alexander-Keeble, who look as if they had just come ashore, sit and talk in the shade

At Leicester

Miss Hornby, Lady Cromwell, and Major Burnaby, who used to be joint Master of the Quorn, were at the Leicester Summer Meeting

A Racing Reverie

King Salmon's Eclipse

By "Regular"

CHARLIE SMIRKE'S affection for the rails cost Windsor Lad the Eclipse Stakes; a similar "passion for the palings" cost his brother, Arthur, the opening seller on Rhum, on the following afternoon.

No one admires the Wootton school of jockeyship more than I do, and what we should have done during the post-war years without Stanley and his boys I shudder to think. Charlie and Arthur Smirke, Arthur Wragg, Sirett, Marshall, Caldwell, Gethin, Rook, Dick, and the Hunters are just a few of the jockeys who learnt to ride with Wootton.

"GET the rails and keep them" has been the Wootton slogan, and a brilliantly successful one it has proved to be. The jockey who goes round on the outside travels lengths further than the one who hugs the fence, while the close proximity of the rails will often keep a horse balanced and running on an even keel when otherwise it might tend to sprawl.

THERE is one course, however, where the rails are fraught with danger, and that course is Sandown. A jockey may come into the straight on the rails, just behind the leaders, and both he and you think he couldn't be better placed. A furlong or so up the straight, however, the leaders begin to tire, and a couple of horses move up on the outside, and instead of being in a good position, the jockey is shut in like a rat in a trap. This is precisely what happened to Windsor Lad.

AFTER I had seen him win the Derby, I considered Windsor Lad a very good horse, and a worthy Derby winner. After seeing his heroic effort to overcome insuperable difficulties in the Eclipse Stakes, I put him down as a super-horse.

PROVIDED all goes well with him in the meantime, and he suffers no ill-effects from his hard race at Sandown—and, mind you, he had a terrible gruelling there—he looks to me to be the biggest certainty for the St. Leger that I have ever seen.

IF he had got a clear run, Windsor Lad would have won by a length or so, without being subjected to a hard race. I do not know whom I was most sorry for, the Maharajah of Rajpipla, Marcus Marsh, or Charlie Smirke. In the heat of the moment people are apt to blame a beaten jockey, but if an opening had come his way—and it was not unreasonable to suppose that it would—everyone would have said that Smirke had ridden a magnificent race. The opening did *not* materialise, and he was accused of riding a bad one. Everything came Smirke's way at Epsom, everything went wrong at Sandown.

Good-bye to Brown Jack

Sir Harold Wernher's famous old horse is leaving Wroughton, Wilts, for Lubenham, Market Harborough, where he is to spend the rest of his days. Here are Mr. Durrant, the American owner, Mrs. Durrant, and Steve Donoghue saying good-bye to him at Wroughton

WHILE sympathising with the losers, we must not be stinted in our praise of the gallant winner, King Salmon, and our congratulations to Sir Richard Brooke, Captain O. Bell, and Harry Wragg. I watched the race next to Mrs. Wragg, and she had every reason to feel proud of her husband, who, in winning his fourth Eclipse Stakes, rode a grand race, though I can well believe he had to come a bit sooner than he intended, owing to fear of getting shut in.

ALTHOUGH he got a "monkey" for having bred the winner, Lord Carnarvon must have felt like taking his hair down and having a good cry after the race. I haven't the slightest idea what he got for King Salmon when he sold him to Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, who later on sold him to Sir Richard Brooke, but I'd like to wager that it was round about a sixth of the stake of last Friday's race.

FURTHERMORE, King Salmon, as a two-year-old must have cost him a nice little sum in bets, as I seem to remember a very sad day at Ascot, and an even sadder one on the July Course, when he had been tried a certainty, but on neither occasion was he in the "shake-up."

SUCH is the luck of racing, and on the Saturday even humble little Uncle Regular had his cross to bear, in the shape of four bets on four horses, all of which were beaten a neck. Their names were, Rhum, Son of a Gun, Theft, and Worthy Down; and if you doubt the truth of this story, you can write and ask Uncle Ladbroke.

THE only bright spot in the day for many of us was the victory of Caymanas, who duly accounted for his seven opponents at the wonderfully generous price of 3 to 1. As everyone knows, Caymanas won the Hunt Cup at Ascot at long odds, and some people thought his victory there was a fluke. At Sandown he met Diamantée on 12 lb. worse terms, and beat her just as easily, thereby demonstrating what a certainty he must have been at Ascot. Easterbee turned him out looking a picture, and Steve did the rest.

A FEW half-wits greeted the victory of Bahram, in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, with boos, because he happened to be at a long price and beat his well-backed stable companion, Theft, by a neck.

NOW, the Aga Khan races on the best possible lines, and his interest in racing is chiefly concerned with the breeding side.

HIS HIGHNESS does not bet, and therefore he would want his animals to run strictly on their merits, and when you realise that in this particular race the owner and breeder of the second each receive 200 sovs., it is not unreasonable to suppose that an owner-breeder would like his horses to finish first and second.

ALTHOUGH the Aga does not bet, the Aly, a very human young man, does like a wager, and he made no secret that he was backing them both, though he thought Theft would be sure to beat Bahram on this occasion.

IN every other country in the world, an owner's mounts are coupled for betting purposes, and so, no matter which wins, you draw your dough. The Aga Khan would welcome this rule in England, and so would Uncle Regular, but that doesn't mean it will come into force—oh, dear me, no! "What was good enough for my dear old father . . .", etc., etc., etc.

AND now for Goodwood, which you can read about on another page; and, by the way, Strathcarron will, I hope, win the Stewards' Cup.

"Something tells me I'm going to need a Guinness"

GUINNESS for STRENGTH

G.E. 370 G.

Left: Miss Peggy Scriven and Dr. H. G. N. Cooper were two of the stars who played at Brockenhurst

Captain Cecil Sutton, the Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the Brockenhurst (New Forest) Club, talking to Miss Lermitte

Tennis in the New Forest

The Open Tournament at Brockenhurst

Above: Mr. John Morant, who was beaten by Mr. R. H. Willett in the first round, with Mr. P. Watson and Mrs. E. C. Peters

Left: Mrs. Batch and Miss G. Harris arriving at the courts with all their goods and chattels

Mr. B. Hamilton, knocked out in the second round, Mr. D. Hamilton, Mr. George Ferguson, Secretary of the New Forest Foxhounds, and Miss M. T. Ricketts, who was beaten by Miss N. Lyle in the fourth round

Mr. E. A. Dearman, one of the semi-finalists in the Men's Singles, and Miss Nancy Lyle, semi-finalist in the Women's Singles, with Miss Scriven, Miss Rudd and Miss Dearman (holder)

Above, left: Baroness de Forest, who is golfing John de Forest's mother, Mr. Cedric Alexander, and Lady Westmorland were together

Above, right: Lord Stanley talking to Lady Cunard. The party was in aid of Devon Nook, a home for unmarried mothers and their babies

Left: the French sisters, Lady Brougham and Vaux, and Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, were as decorative as usual, in their dark dresses

Right: Lady Jersey dancing with Captain Bobby Jenkinson, who is always cheerful and knows how to make other people laugh

Below, left: Lord and Lady Milton and Lord Beatty, on the contrary, were looking uncommonly serious, probably over some racing problem

Below, right: Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills were another couple at what was one of the most amusing charity parties of the season

The Eclipse Night Pay Party

A Charity Affair at the Savoy

Goodwood, "Perfection and Paradise of Race-grounds"

By Quintin Gilbey

Decorations by J. S. Goodall

"On the evening before the race his appetite became too much for him, and he broke out from the inn at which he was lodging, and ate a whole duck"

And so we go to Goodwood for the wind-up of what has been a really wonderful season, and tired-eyed debs and their escorts will rally round for one further week of excitement before retiring into August quarters at the seaside, in Scotland, or the South of France.

To do Goodwood properly, you must stay in a house-party somewhere in the vicinity. "The vicinity," however, is a very elastic term, and includes almost any part of England south of Clapham Junction, so that you should have no difficulty in securing the desired invitation.

Goodwood is, of course, the property of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and it is impossible not to envy him his wonderful heritage. Quite apart from the fact that Goodwood is one of the loveliest places in the world, can you imagine anything more delightful than to sit at your bed-room window and watch the bookmakers paying to come into your garden?

As you approach the course, either through the Park and the Birdless Grove, or by the road which skirts the famous Trundle Hill, you are, in all probability, far too engaged in studying the form of the day's runners, or with conjectures of lunch, and what concoction that divine McGarry will provide, to worry your heads much about the history and traditions of Goodwood; but it may be of interest to some of you if I delve back into the past for a moment or two.

Racing was established at Goodwood in 1802, but it was not until 1825, thanks to the exertions of the fifth Duke of Richmond and Lord George Bentinck, that the meeting became one of fashionable importance.

With the exception of the fifth Duke, the Dukes of Richmond have not raced extensively, and the present Duke has but one horse in training, a very useful three-year-old called Grey Carey. If Grey Carey were to win a race at Goodwood, I feel sure he would be given a reception comparable to that which is reserved each year at Ascot for Brown Jack.

To return for a moment, however, to former days: a memorable victory in the Duke of Richmond's colours was that of Miss Craven, in the Goodwood Cup of 1828, when she defeated Lord Mountcharles's Rasselas, after a severe race, the latter carrying five pounds overweight in consequence of his jockey being too heavy.

The story goes that the jockey, Buckle, had to waste very hard, but on the evening before the race his appetite became too much for him, and he broke out from the inn at which he was lodging, and ate a whole duck. Consequently, the next day he was five pounds overweight.

This adventure caused General Grosvenor to write a most amusing poem, which is too long for me to repeat here, but the last two lines were as follow:

"Pray take my advice, for I wish you good luck;
Keep Buckle next time a whole mile from a duck."

The race, however, which gave the fifth Duke the greatest pleasure, we are told, was when his old favourite, the eight-year-old Mus (obviously the Brown Jack of his time), won the Orleans Cup in 1841. It was in this year that Lord George Bentinck moved all his horses to Goodwood, and his long and successful association with the fifth Duke began.

No man ever loved racing more than Lord George Bentinck, and the lovely course, as it is to-day, is to a very great extent the result of his labours. Although they were firm friends, the Duke and Lord George were entirely dissimilar in character, for whereas the Duke seldom had more than £10 or £15 on a horse, Lord George frequently betted in thousands.

By far the most popular race at Goodwood, these days, is the Stewards' Cup, which is a six-furlong handicap run on the first day of the meeting. The very astute handicapper, Mr. J. C. Bulteel, has sat with a towel round his head for many a night trying to make the large field run a dead-heat, but, nevertheless, we gaily step in, confident that we can find a flaw in his work which will result in our backing the winner.

The popularity of the Stewards' Cup is due to the fact that, like the Hunt Cup, it enables you to back several horses and yet show a profit if, amongst your many bets, you should name the winner.

This race is just as popular with the bookmakers as it is with the backers, as in such a strong market, and with so many horses backed, they can almost invariably manage to win, no matter what horse wins. This enviable position is known as being "over-round."

Goodwood, generally and justifiably known as "Glorious," from its natural grand-stand, Trundle Hill

On the same day is run the curiously named Ham Stakes. This is a valuable race for two-year-olds, and is almost invariably won by a good horse. Until recently, a number of selling plates were included in the card, and although they were profitable affairs for the Executive, and often enabled us to back a winner, it was thought that such humble races were hardly in keeping with the traditions of Goodwood, and so they were scrapped.

It is also only recently that ladies have been permitted into the Members' Enclosure, and a number of old gentlemen still bemoan the fact bitterly. My member's voucher tells me that only five hundred ladies are granted admittance, but these five hundred are successful in giving the impression of a far greater number.

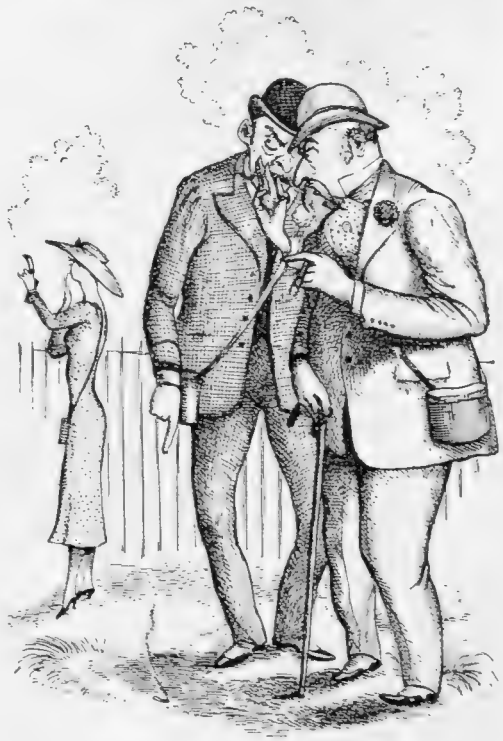
On the Wednesday we have the race for the Goodwood Stakes. This race is a handicap run over two miles and three furlongs, and invariably produces a grand race, and, moreover, provides a lovely spectacle as the horses wind their way round the twists and turns, disappearing for a moment, and then reappearing again, among some of the loveliest scenery you can imagine.

On Thursday we have the race for the Goodwood Cup, a weight-for-age race run over two miles and five furlongs. The start for this race takes place in front of the stands, and is the only race in England which is still started with a flag in place of the starting-gate.

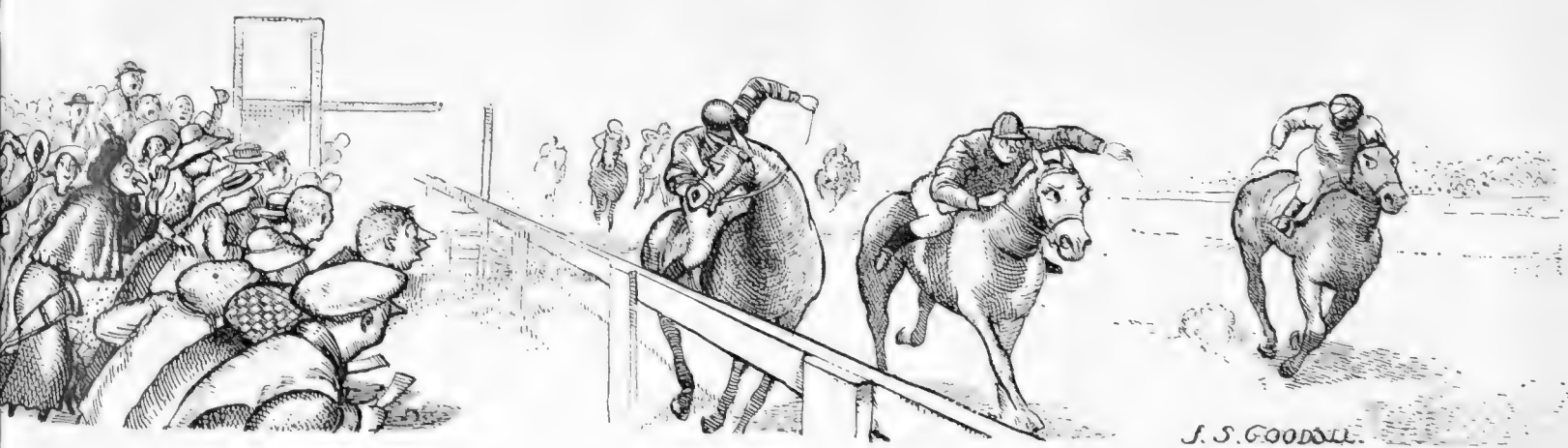
On the Friday the most popular race is the Chesterfield Cup (1 mile 2 furlongs), another of these handicaps which backers love so much, and over which bookmakers are always so accommodating, and shortly after that we pack up and go home.

Nearly a hundred years ago, a gentleman summed-up Goodwood in these words: "Goodwood exhibits a great and much-esteemed nobleman, who sincerely taking the true interest of the Turf to heart, and anxious to offer a good example, throws open his Park to all comers, and invites them to attend the races. An aristocratic atmosphere pervades the whole scene. With magnificent scenery, first-rate racing, and the cream of England's best society to inspirit and gratify him, a stranger would indeed be fastidious who did not consider the Goodwood course the perfection and paradise of race-grounds."

These words are just as true to-day.



"A number of old gentlemen still bemoan the fact that ladies have been permitted into the Members' Enclosure"



Francis Brett Young

Photographed in his study at Graycombe House, near Evesham. His latest book, "This Little World," which has just been published, was written at his Worcestershire home

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Lady Hester Stanhope

By A. G. Macdonell

Miss Joan Haslip has written a biography of a very extraordinary woman. *Lady Hester Stanhope* (Cobden-Sanderson; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is the tale of that daughter of an English peer who lived for more than thirty years in the deserts of Syria and Lebanon, an uncrowned queen and the terror of the Arabs. Her career was astounding. Beautiful and brilliantly witty, she was adored by everyone at twenty. At twenty-five she was admired, but not adored. Scandal was too thick round her head and malice came too easily from her tongue, and when she gave out that she was engaged to the villainously profligate Lord Camelford, even her admirers began to look askance at her. Camelford was shot in a duel, and as the years went by, Lady Hester saw that her marrying-days were almost over, and in 1810 she began to seek distraction in travel. First she went to Malta, thence to Greece, and east again to Constantinople. That first visit to the Levant sealed Lady Hester's fate. She was

> "crazed with the spells of far Arabia
> They have stolen her wits away."

Further and further East she went, until, in 1813, she rode in triumph at the head of a caravan, "surrounded by a guard of Bedouin chieftains mounted on lean mares, flaunting long lances tipped with ostrich feathers," from Damascus across the desert to the ruins of Palmyra, the city of the Queen Zenobia. But there was a mental kink in a great many of the descendants of "Diamond" Pitt, and Lady Hester did not escape. As she grew old, she became steadily wilder and wilder, and at last she undoubtedly crossed the border-line between sanity and insanity, until she died, in squalor and poverty, in 1839. It is a strange tale, and Miss Haslip has collected all the threads in a masterly way.

What a pleasant writer is Mr. Denis Mackail. There is such an atmosphere of friendly amiability about him. You feel that all the time he is saying, "If you don't like that bit, if you think I'm being the faintest bit harsh, just let me know and I'll easily change it for you." His new novel, *Summer Leaves* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), goes meandering on and on very easily and smoothly and soothingly. There is a steady ripple of gentle wit and an undercurrent of neat observation, so that the reader drifts along as if he was lying in a punt on the Thames on a warm summer evening, at peace with all the world. Mr. Mackail is a sort of P. G. Wodehouse, Junior. Wisely he does not challenge comparison with the Master, but he is writing about the same sort of people only they are not quite so divinely crazy. His characters are Wodehousian, but they are two degrees further removed from the immortal looney-bin.

To describe the plot of *Summer Leaves* is unnecessary. It would be like constructing an accurate survey of a ramble in English lanes. There is a delightful heroine with rows of assorted suitors, and a retired Colonial Governor, and an eccentric literary man and various other characters who wander in and out of the story from time to time. *Summer Leaves* is a perfect book for a deck-chair and a long drink. It is not so powerful as a Dostoievsky nor as deep as a Tolstoi; but then I do not think it sets out to be anything but entertaining. And in that it succeeds.

If *India's Coral Strand*, by Mr. Richard Oke (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is not an allegorical tale on the subject of the British Raj in India, then the title is quite irrelevant, the story is quite pointless, and I will eat four Homburg hats. A certain Mrs. Yarlove is the heroine, a stout, placid, muddle-headed, benevolent matron. She falls one day into a cataleptic trance and her spirit wakes up to find itself the Supreme Goddess in a land of copper-skinned natives. She becomes arbiter of laws which she does not understand, head of a religion which is completely strange, and controller of the destinies of people of whose language she only learns laboriously a few phrases. Mrs. Yarlove tried to introduce Christianity, and to suppress human sacrifice, and to abolish slavery, and to do good in general to her poor, ignorant savages until they could stand it no longer and they rose up and killed her and re-established slavery and all the good old pre-Yarlove customs.

As a story by itself, independent of allegory, *India's Coral Strand* is on an old and hackneyed theme. But as a rather malicious hit at the simple, empire-building Briton, it is not without a sort of clever impishness. The descriptions are well written, and the craftsmanship is very conscientious and careful.

The flow of "thrillers" has been so persistently at the flood, like a Highland stream when the snows melt, for such a number of years now, that it would have seemed impossible for any new idea or device to be invented. But Mr. A. Merritt appears to have achieved the impossible in *Burn, Witch, Burn* (Methuen; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a hair-raising, blood-curdling story of ancient witchcraft applied to modern conditions. The purist may object to the introduction of the supernatural element in a "thriller," and may say that once you admit magic and witchcraft you are corrupting the whole technique. In a sense, of course, that is true. But I think it is permissible if it is really well done. After all, Edgar Allan Poe used the supernatural in *The Fall of the House of Usher*, and made almost a masterpiece out of it. Mr. Merritt's witch is a sort of symbol of witchcraft throughout the ages. She uses all the traditional paraphernalia of her craft—hypnotism, dolls, poisoned ointments, and so on. Her method of work was to use the hypnotism to get possession of a victim's soul, the poison to get rid of his body, and then the soul was transferred into a doll. The dolls were then sent out to do any little murders that the witch happened to want committed. *Burn, Witch, Burn* is the story of how a doctor and a gangster joined forces to overcome this rather dangerous lady and how she was finally stabbed by one of her own dolls. The publishers' wrapper, by the way, is quite wrong in claiming that this is a story of black magic. That is a very different kettle of fish.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

assembled by JEAN BURNUP

Helen Macgregor

ENID STAMP TAYLOR, blonde and starry-eyed, in her new tricorne, designed by Jeff. It is soft black felt, bound with wide black military braid, two saucy bows of it at the back

Practically no woman alive can fail to look her best in a tricorne. That is why they are going to be seen around a lot this Autumn

CURIOUS to think that the hats below—early Autumn best-sellers—began like this

THIS forecasts an important Autumn line, the abrupt turn down of the front of the brim and the high-ish crown. Velvet, wing-trimmed, worn almost straight on the head

THE Mexican bêret at the right, very large and flat, is worn on the right side, showing plenty of hair. The pliable, good-natured edge can be pinched and punched about to suit your face. Black felt, ribbon trimmed.

The smaller bêret, in fine hatter's plush, has a bird nestling at the back

With only a few weeks left for summer clothes, women are beginning to feel an interest and anticipation about what they are going to wear this Autumn . . .

THE black cloth classic tailored suit is allowed to be just that much flippant with a velvet collar, velvet link buttons and piping of white military braid. It comes from Bradleys of Chepstow Place, which means it is made of the finest material, has precision of cut and workmanship, plus an extra something which gives a suit individuality

THE first standing girl wears a two-piece dress in dark blue woollen with a diagonal weave. Points: a white pique Puritan collar, stitched into a diamond pattern . . . fastenings of chromium wire which look like little concertinas . . . trim straightness of line, characterising the Autumn silhouette

THE second dress is navy woollen in a coarse square weave. There is a draped neck and cross-over corsage, becoming and slendering. A white band ties in a bow at the back of the waist. The shell buttons are mother-of-pearl. A slight flounce ends the three-quarter sleeves and hem. Both dresses are Dorville models

BOND STREET AND ROUNDABOUT

By Jean Burnup

I HAVE just spent the sort of day that should interest you if you are one of those who, going away next month, are supposed (how wrongly) to leave London empty. Or, if you are one of those who come up to London from country or province for a shopping and show-seeing holiday and make the town much fuller than it is at any time in the year.

Your summer and holiday clothes will mostly have been collected by now, although the stores still have grand selections of everything for those who have left everything until the last minute.

Yet you want just something, just a few things to supplement the wardrobe trunk and still be usefully in the fashion news when you return from having Got Away From It All.

So I went to Marshall and Snelgrove's to find these things.

It was a hot day, but cool inside, especially in the wide, open spaces of the Fur Department.

I went first to the Inexpensive Department, which is a good way to begin this sort of shopping day, because the name of it dispels any inferiority and overdraft complex.

There I saw the evening dress drawn above. It is blush-pink chiffon, so sweet, so attractive, so winning, that I could see it immediately, with the right girl wearing it (although it is in itself the kind of frock that could make almost any girl seem the right girl), at some gay gathering, surrounded by good-looking young men, just as you see them in the American advertisements, and occasionally in real life. It has a particularly interesting back and intricate accordion pleating, yet packs flat and easy. Six-and-a-half guineas.

Then they showed me a new kind of three-piece autumn suit, which will be a consolation when the holiday's over.

It was a plain light tweed coat and skirt, and, to wear with it, or without it, if you like, a sister coat in check, colouring to match, rather straight, just over three-quarter length. They also have the coat and skirt in check, and the matching coat plain.

The first suit was brown, with a short, tight-fitting coat, buttoning all down the centre, a scarf tie at the high neckline, the skirt with a good pleated kick, back and front. The check suit was a sort of heather blue, the coat a straightforward cardigan. This time the overcoat had the scarf. All beautifully tailored. Six guineas.

Downstairs to the Coats and Mantles, to look at a travel coat that took my fancy. It is tweed with an angora finish, which means it is as warm and cosy as anything you've got, but weighs next to nothing. You see it illustrated below, crisp and smart in a large check, brown on an off-white ground with large revers, pockets, buckled belt and the straightforward tailored cut that has made this kind of coat the one you always return to with pleasure. Four pounds, and in other colours, too.

There are also Harris tweed travel and sports coats, with brown leather buttons, the same classic cut, whose only disadvantage is that they might outlive you. Four guineas.

IN the Débutante Department there is a gay evening dress for fifty shillings, in flowered marocain.

Flowered marocain might mean anything. This has every lovely blending colour you can think of in flowered mass on a black ground.

The shape and line is sophisticated, with a fascinating little draped corsage, cut low and square, and a clinging line. A dress to suit any age, any colouring.

I was also taken with a little, down-to-the-ground afternoon or cocktail dress in pure silk crêpe, prunelle and yellow, with short, loose sleeves, a clever cross-over draped neckline, and a careful fit.

This department has the advantage of being looked after by Mrs. Reading, buyer in the Model Gowns, so all the clothes there have that something . . .

Flat straws have been all very fine and large all summer, but for going away you want something small, both for travelling and packing and just for a change. Anyhow, this is an excuse, if one were needed, to buy a little sweetie I saw in the Model Hats.

It is the softest, lightest felt, down at the front and up at the back, as it should be, trimmed with tucking on the brim and a baby bow. The colour is chamois leather, to match gloves. The girl in the striped jumper at the top of the page wears it.

I also commend the woolly itself, because it has a different look, being in prune and white stripes, with prune collar, loose cuffs, and pocket-flaps, worn inside or outside the skirt (white, of course); it will be an effective colour change from the navy and white every other woman will be wearing . . . . And a heavy satin dressing gown, with a deep shoulder cape, trimmed with hand-veining. This looks madly luxurious, but is not madly expensive. They have it in green and all good lingerie colours . . .

* * *

P.S. — Marshall's are having mannequin parades of new Autumn Fashions on August 14th, 15th, and 16th at three every afternoon, admission by ticket, on request. They will include the models bought at the Paris collections and rushed over by air.

Melancholy Days at Leeds

By "Finger-Spin"

Matthew Wright, who has been coach at Eton for fifty years, going out to bat in a scratch match between masters and boys. "Mat" is seventy-six, and still going strong

Right: Verity bowling to Bradman on the second day of the fourth Test Match, at Leeds. When Bradman went in, Australia's score was 39 for three; by the end of the day it was 494 for four, Bradman having made 271, not out

YORKSHIREMEN can be relied upon to watch a game of cricket with a mind as free from bias as any other man, but they were a sorry-looking crowd who left the Headingley ground after Bradman and Ponsford had been pummelling England's bowling from eleven o'clock until nearly six o'clock in the evening. They had just given Ponsford a rousing cheer at the end of his innings, a cheer which he most certainly deserved, for even if he does not possess the glamour with which everything that Bradman does is associated, he is an absolutely first-class workman. It has been said lately that he is not over-fond of fast bowling, but on this occasion he never had anything sufficiently fast to worry him, although Bowes contrived somehow twice to hit him in the small of the back.

NEVER was the calculated method of Australian batting better demonstrated than on this day at Leeds. They had lost three wickets during the last half-hour of Friday evening, three wickets which suddenly went down to Bowes with a thud, and when they started again on the Saturday morning there were only 39 runs on the board. In came Bradman at once to attack the bowling, an example followed by Ponsford. Having made their impression felt upon each bowler in turn, they slowed down in preparation for a nice long stay at the wicket. Neither attempted the heroic, but it is amazing how quickly a pair of batsmen can move the score along by doing little more than wait for the loose ball, always providing that they never fail to score off it. Which is exactly why Australian batsmen are so very good. Not, in fact, that the English bowlers did send down so many loose balls, for, taking the circumstances into consideration, they kept remarkably steady, and there was a period of half an hour or so before luncheon when it seemed that it only wanted a little luck for a wicket to fall.

HAVING spent the time from the luncheon interval to the tea interval quietly playing the good balls and firmly hitting the less good ones, Bradman and Ponsford—as is regularly the case with Australians—set about afterwards to increase the rate of scoring to the limit of safety. Then, and only then, did the English bowling show some signs of faltering, Bowes, especially, becoming very short, and he is not fast enough to bowl short.

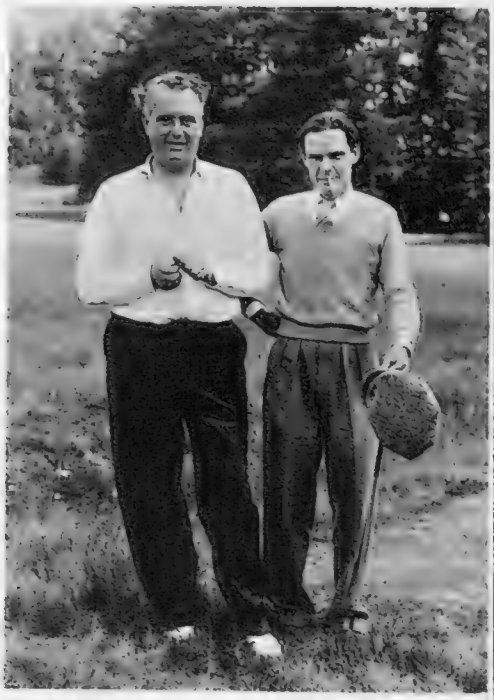
However, there is no need to say anything unkind about England's bowling or fielding during this sad day, for where the whole, entire blame should rest is upon our batsmen for their pitiable display on the first day. They should never have allowed, having won the toss, Australia to go in, at any rate, before tea time on the second day. Then let Australia try to force a victory by the brilliance of their batting; but for England to be out by half-past five on the first day is frankly ludicrous. There was absolutely nothing whatsoever to account for such feebleness. The wicket was dead easy, if a little on the slow side, and in such conditions the Australian bowlers are not at their best. Walters is an honourable exception, for he did give the impression of wanting to make some runs, but as for the rest, they did no more than wait to get out. Even Hendren, who was certainly meeting the ball with the middle of his bat, generally played it straight to a fieldsman, and as for Hammond, well, it is impossible to know what to make of him in these days. He makes huge scores, apparently in his grandest manner, for Gloucestershire and then bats with the utmost timidity when playing in a Test Match, which is strange in a man of his experience. I only hope to goodness people are not going to talk of him as getting on in years and being past his best! The truth is that in this innings at least he never did anything more than scratch about until just before he was out, when he made one glorious wrist-stroke past cover-point off Wall, who for most of the innings was asking to be hit there.

TO pursue the melancholy story, Wyatt and Leyland found themselves suddenly together, with four wickets down for 135 runs, and with no runs yet marked up under their respective numbers on the board. For some time they gave the appearance that they wanted their score to remain perpetually at 0, so adamant were they in refusing to score. However, in time they went the same way as the others, and it was just a little sad to see Leyland on his own ground, where he is rightly regarded as a hero, walk plumb in front of his wicket and get out leg-before-wicket. Ames also was footling, never making the least attempt to attack the bowling, and whereas the preceding swells had been unworthy of their place in the side (always excepting Walters), those who followed were merely comic. But can you believe it—200 meagre, miserable runs on a quiet pitch to this Australian bowling? The prophets who were sure that we could retain the Ashes without any difficulty, with slightly patronising remarks about the slenderness of Australia's bowling, have suffered a rude shock. We want to hear no more of the Larwood episode, or the reasons why England's best captain was not available (for, after all, that is his private affair); we are dead sick and tired of so-called body-line bowling, but, for all that, it does seem a pity that we could not have had a series of matches between the Australians and the best team that England could field. And it is a fact that the Australians themselves feel this more strongly than anybody.

In the bay

The Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—a new production straight from New York—will be at the SUMMER SPORTING throughout the Season

MONTE CARLO BEACH



Left: G. E. Grant Govan (Royal Wimbledon) and Captain R. St. Barbe Emmott (Porter's Park), who were knocked out, 2 and 1, in the third round by B. Drew and L. O. Munn

Below: Com. H. S. Raymond (Ranelagh) and F. L. Rankin (Sunningdale), the runners-up for the Golf Balls to Tolley and Anderson

Major C. W. Wallace (Sunningdale) and Captain G. A. Moxon (West Hill), beaten by Tolley and Anderson in the semi-finals

The Golf Balls of Stoke

Above: Cyril Tolley (Royal Eastbourne) and A. S. Anderson (Hindhead), the winners, who beat Commander Raymond and F. L. Rankin by 2 and 1 in the final round

Right: R. Ricardo (Sandy Lodge) and P. W. L. Risdon (Coombe Hill), past holders, were beaten 2 and 1 by the runners-up, Raymond and Rankin, in the third round at Stoke

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

After the glaring exposure of England's need of another pace bowler in the fourth Test Match, it was inevitable, I suppose, that we should hear a cry for the return of Harold Larwood, the Notts speed specialist, in the critical game at the Oval next month. Well, I am not joining in the clamour for Larwood; apart from the fact that he seems thoroughly to have burned his boats, so far as Test cricket goes, I very much doubt whether he could be regarded as 100 per cent. fit for the rigours of a game against the Australians.

Anyhow, I have been wondering just whether Larwood would have been more effective at Leeds than was big "Bill" Bowes, the bespectacled Yorkshireman. For the Headingley ground—or, rather, the Headingley wicket—is by no means the fast bowler's paradise. It was pretty much a "feather-bed" wicket in the last Test; certainly it was a heart-breaker so far as pace bowling went.

Even so, Bowes did splendidly. His two dramatic overs in which he tumbled out young Brown, stout-hearted Oldfield, and Woodfull, the "unbowlable," were bits of inspired bowling. No one could have done better. And again, after Bradman had seemed to have collared our attack pretty thoroughly, Bowes came back to the offensive with splendid courage after a week-end rest. There was real "fire" in his work then, as Bradman, McCabe and the rest well know.

Certainly Bowes was not to blame for the imposing Australian total. But one fast bowler, as I have said before, is not enough to get out these men from "down under." The double-fast attack is our most effective weapon against them; as for the rest, they are the supreme masters in the art of playing slow bowling on any but a real "sticky dog."

Let the Selectors take their courage in both hands and look among our younger cricketers for a possible fast bowler to help Bowes in the final Test. There is Smith, of Middlesex, a speed specialist who has been doing well lately. His Test chance must come sooner or later.

And, for England, tree-fringed Headingley is a ground of ill-omen. We've never won a Test Match there. Nor, for that matter, have we beaten the Australians on any Yorkshire enclosure. Indeed, looking back over the years, we see that some dramatic battles have been staged at Leeds; and in most of them England have been struggling against the collar.

Let's take a look back for a moment. Thirteen years ago, Headingley was the setting for one of the bravest bits of batsmanship ever: for didn't the Hon. Lionel (now Lord) Tennyson go out to help the late Johnny Douglas—there was a courageous cricketer, to be sure—in a stand that saved England from the follow-on? And Tennyson batted that day with one hand! He badly split his left hand when fielding. We'd thought him out of the match, that is, till he came walking out with that "dicky" hand swathed in bandages, and then punished the Australian bowlers for 63 runs.

Again, in 1926 we had Arthur Carr winning the toss and putting the Australians in to bat. What happened? Warren Bardsley was sent back without a run on the board; and Charles Macartney, missed in the slips by Carr when he had scored a couple—went on to hit up a century before lunch!

But the dramatic possibilities of Headingley were not exhausted by all this. Four years later, Don Bradman gave us a new conception of the mechanics of batsmanship

(Continued on page 224)

Sportfolio

"Duleep"—Golfer

Left: K. S. Duleepsinhji, the famous cricketer, has taken up golf while convalescing after the illness which stopped him playing cricket this summer. He has been staying at Wentworth, has joined the Club there, and was photographed during a round

Americans in Scotland

Above: D. N. Jones, C. L. Burwell, and W. Breese, three U.S.A. players in the Scottish Tennis Championships at Peebles. Burwell won the singles, the doubles, with D. N. Jones, and the mixed doubles, with Miss Hartigan, the Australian, who won the women's singles

Carl Aarvold and His Bride

Scotsmen at Walton Heath

Above: James A. Anderson, the new secretary at Walton Heath Golf Club, being greeted by a fellow-Scot—James Braid, the Walton Heath professional. The previous secretary, G. J. Hawker, retired, owing to illness, after fourteen years' service

Left: Carl Aarvold, the English "Rugger" International, whose home is in West Hartlepool, and Miss Noeline Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill, of Denton Hall, Ilkley, Yorks, and granddaughter of Sir James Hill, were married on Saturday, at St. George's, Hanover Square

Right: L. O. Munn and B. Drew (Royal Cinque Ports), who were beaten 3 and 2 in the semi-finals at Stoke Poges by Com. H. E. Raymond (Ranelagh) and F. L. Rankin (Sunningdale)

The Golf Balls of Stoke

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued)*

in a world's record Test innings of 334 runs. It all looked so easy: machine-made cricket, with the ball never once lifted off the floor.

Well, we came again to Headingley the other day and we saw Bradman in his 1930 form. Very startling it was to see him in his old manner and mood, for, as I told you only a week or so ago, the Australian Wonder Bat has been a much-worried young man. He seemed to lack concentration in previous games, and there was just a hint of "nerves" in his rip-rap, swashbuckling style of play. But in the last Test he 'd got a good grip on himself again—and the rest is now cricket history!

BY THE way, amid all the fire and fury of Test cricket we are apt, these days, to forget the County Championship. Almost unnoticed, it seems, Sussex are building up a commanding position as leaders, and it looks to be on the cards that we are to have Yorkshire's monopoly of the Championship ended at last. This may be good for the general health of County cricket, but it will give cause for little real jubilation among the southron folk. For even the most ardent Sussex supporter will feel that there was no true test of strength for their county side—assuming they are the ultimate champions.

Truth is, Yorkshire are sacrificing their Championship chances for the sake of England. They are not quibbling over that, of course, but the fact remains that their sacrifice is disproportionate. Sutcliffe, Verity, Leyland and Bowes—England needed them all. And, you may remember, a call would have been made on Macaulay had he been fit!

However, I do think the M.C.C. might have given Yorkshire players a rest from representative games once in a while. But, no, the next thing we know is that they were asked to play in the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's—and this, the day after they came out of the Leeds Test! This is a very bad blow to Yorkshire; it means that they are without their outstanding performers in three matches.

AND now for a spot of Rugby. Right away let me say that I have very definite information that an attempt is being made to bring about a meeting between combined Oxford and Cambridge XV.s and a team drawn from the American Universities in the East. The idea, I may say, has originated out of the recent athletic match between our 'Varsities and Princeton and Cornell, at the White City.

What a splendid idea it is, to be sure, if only the matches—annual games are being suggested—are viewed in their right perspective. We do not want "Rugger" on the Grand International Scale: that is, with too much solemnity given to it. Goodness, we 've already seen what a hullabaloo can be raised over international cricket, with the yellowest of our yellow journalists making a game into something approaching a war. Well, we don't wish to see "Rugger" going that way if these Britain v. America games materialise. However, that 's up to us, for I know that the good fellows behind the idea are just out to organise a friendly sort of "scrap" between 'Varsity "Rugger" men here and in the States.

BY the way, football generally is right in the news just now, for the balance sheet of the Arsenal has set everyone talking of the huge profits there are in professional "Soccer." After writing off £10,000 on their ground expenditure, the Highbury club made some £20,000—which is pretty powerful going. Yet, curiously enough, the Arsenal are the "best-hated" side in the English League! Wherever they go they draw crowds who, it seems, are hoping for their defeat. It is a queer thing, a psychologist may be able to explain it, but there it is. And the Arsenal do not stand alone in being thoroughly "hated" by sport crowds: I recall how the White Soxs, the American baseball combination, used to be cheered—whenever they lost

International Golf

J. Leglise and Y. Le Quellec beat H. G. Bentley and Eric Fiddian by 4 and 3 in the England v. France golf match at Wentworth, which England won by five games to three

The Royal Fusiliers XI, Who Were Beaten by— *Arthur Owen*

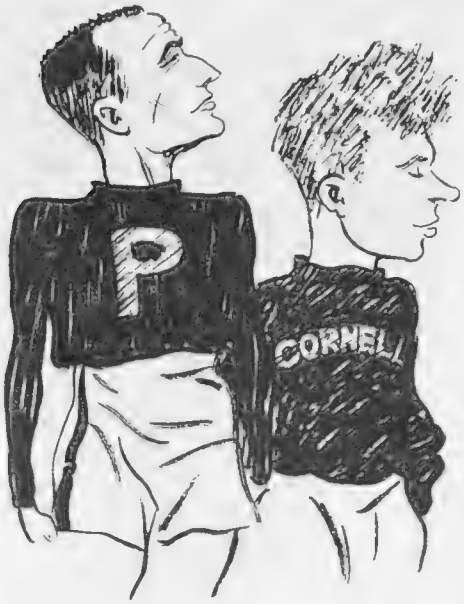
C. W. C. Packe, R. C. Packe, Captain McCall, D. L. Standage, J. C. Stevens, Major W. A. Trasenster, Captain J. R. E. Richardson, W. N. White-Thomson, Captain J. L. L. Lotinga, Dmr. Bennett and R. M. G. Zambra

—The Eton Ramblers at Hounslow Barracks *Arthur Owen*

Major A. C. Wilkinson, Captain W. T. F. Holland, G. N. W. Cartwright, Captain Nigel Haig, Major H. S. Hatfield, the Earl of Dalkeith, M. J. Keigwin, Lord Carnegie, G. A. Best, D. J. M. Alexander, H. E. C. Baggalay, Major the Hon. A. V. Agar-Robartes and F. A. Norris

Oxford and Cambridge Athletes v. Princeton and Cornell

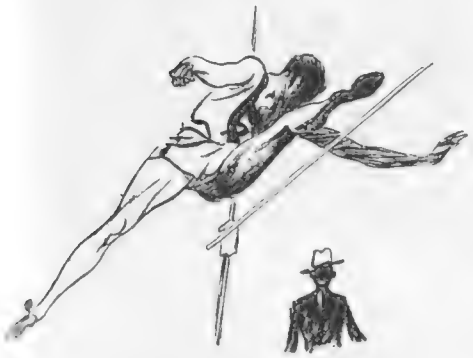
Sketches by Rouson



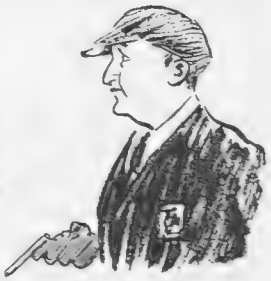
Left: the American captains, W. R. Bonthron (Princeton) and R. F. Hardy (Cornell)

Right: M. E. Berman (Princeton), who won the putting the weight

Extreme right: the English captains, J. E. Lovelock, of Oxford, and E. I. Davis, of Cambridge



C. A. Scott (Cornell) competing in the high jump



Evan Hunter, the starter

Above: J. C. Stothard (Cambridge), winner of the half-mile

Above: C. F. Stanwood, who won two events for Oxford

Left: J. A. McWilliams (Princeton), the pole-vault champion

The tit-bit of the meeting: Lovelock beats Bonthron in the mile

Right: a nasty fall in the hurdles

England v. France at Wentworth

D. H. R. Martin and Dale Bourn, for England, beat Comte F. de Bagneux and André Vagliano by one hole in the foursomes. M. Vagliano is the popular and enthusiastic captain of the French side

L. G. Garnett and Stanley Lunt (England) were beaten by 4 and 3 by the French pair, Comte L. Montgomery and M. Carlhian. England beat France in the match by five points to three

Vive La France!—A New Golf International

By F. G. L. Fairlie

ENGLAND opposed and duly accounted for France in the first official international match between the two countries, which was recently played at Wentworth. The match was only six a-side, so that there were only three foursomes; in these, which were played in the morning, France obtained a lead of one point, winning two matches and losing one. In the singles, however, England won four matches—Lunt, Fiddian, Bentley and Bourn all being successful. In the second match Garnett only managed to halve with Y. le Quellec, and in the last match J. Leglise beat D. H. R. Martin by four and three. The final result, therefore, was a victory for England by five points to three, and this, I think, is a creditable performance on the part of France in her first international encounter in this country, for the English team was thoroughly representative of the full strength of the country. France may well win this match in the near future, probably first on French soil, for she is a great deal stronger than most people suspect, and is certainly worthy of international recognition such as has just been accorded to her by the English Golf Union. I hope that the Scottish, Irish and Welsh Unions will follow suit, for it will do much for French golf and golfers to be able to extend their international fixture list.

THIS is not the first time by any means that France has played matches against British sides, although these were not official international matches in the accepted sense of the word. I am not quite sure who deserves the credit for the first of these engagements on the British side, although André Vagliano has certainly been the moving spirit on the French side. I think, probably, that the credit really belongs to the late A. C. M. Croome. The first of the touring sides which went to France was, I think, one representing the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, but I doubt whether all the members of the side were members of the Society, for I remember being asked to go myself by "Crumbo." It was with deep regret that I was compelled to refuse, although I went the following year, when the side was representative of the Moles Golfing Society, and for several years the match was played annually on a course somewhere near Paris. During the depression, however, it was not found possible to keep up these most stirring encounters, largely because it was difficult to find those who could spare both the time and the money to partake in them. But it is interesting to record that the first time that the French side beat the Moles was when they visited us, not so very long ago, and played a match at West Hill. I think I am right in stating that in the first few of those matches, at any rate, the French point of view was that the encounter was an international match, and those who represented France against the Moles were entitled to wear a French international tie. Those matches will be long remembered by all of us who were lucky enough to take part in them, for they were the very greatest of fun, and were always played in a splendid spirit of friendly rivalry.

KNOWING many of the French side in this first international match between England and France, I am more than ever pleased that they put up such a very good performance, and I am delighted that the English Golf Union paid France the compliment of putting as strong a side as the selectors could possibly find into the field for the match, for England might very well have paid dearly had they taken any chances. I understand that this engagement is to develop into an annual encounter between the two countries, and all golfers will welcome this new international fixture, for it can do nothing but encourage the good feeling which has always existed between British and French golfers.

I must also mention that André Vagliano, who has done such a tremendous lot for French golf, was captain of the French side and very modestly left himself out of the singles, much to the relief of the Englishman who would have had to play him, for André's golf is always likely to beat anyone.

THE second celebration of the Mixed Foursome Tournament which is now annually held at Le Touquet, has also just been concluded; this being more or less the Worplesdon of France. It draws a large entry from this country, distinguished not merely by numbers but also by quality, and the holders of the tournament won through in faultless style to a second victory. These were Miss Diana Fishwick and Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, who beat Miss M. Peech and Noel Layton in the final. This is a very fine performance, for it takes a good deal of good golf to win any event of such importance twice running, especially this year, when so many strong partnerships were in action. General Critchley is always liable to beat anybody on his day, and Miss Diana Fishwick is, of course, in the very highest class, so that if they continue as partners in succeeding years, there is no particular reason why they should not make the tournament their benefit. On the other hand, I have no doubt that many distinguished partnerships, both British and French, will do their utmost to prevent them.

I notice also that General Critchley represented the House of Commons for the first time in a golf match recently, and led the side against a team representing the Royal Ashdown Forest Club. General Critchley was, however, less successful on this occasion: perhaps the venue was too far from Twickenham.

TO conclude these rather haphazard notes this week I feel that I must record permanently a very fine performance on the part of R. A. McKinna who, playing in the annual Summer Meeting for the Gullane Club, won the Scratch Golf Medal over Gullane No. 1 with 71, a score which equals the record. He won by one stroke from W. B. Torrance, C. Mann being third with a 73. In a second competition held over the No. 2 course in the afternoon McKinna won the Bronze Cross with a 68, again equalling the record. As he also won the Hamilton Ogilvy Handicap Trophy and the Captains' Aggregate for the best score over the two courses as well, he carried off everything that it was possible for him to win. This must be almost a unique performance in so far as he equalled the record for both courses on the same day; and one which I feel very worthy of note. McKinna is, I believe, handicapped at scratch: he seems fully entitled to the distinction.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Popularity of the Air Saloon

By Charles Ward

Personalities with a Klemm. l. to r.: Mr. E. G. Hordern, test pilot for British Klemms at Hanworth, with Mr. C. G. Grey, editor of "The Aeroplane," and Lord Willoughby de Broke. The latest cabin-type Klemm "Eagle" has a remarkably fine performance

Left: The Air Sleeper. A section of the latest Fokker built for the Royal Dutch air line from Amsterdam to Batavia, showing sleeping accommodation. This liner, known as the F 37, has been entered for the MacRobertson Trophy Race, in October, and will carry passengers on the journey

New 'Planes for Sale

THE popularity of the cabin amongst private owners, as opposed to that of open touring 'planes, was very noticeable at Hatfield during the race for the King's Cup. Even in the fastest of the racers, the Mew Gull, the pilot had a roof over his head. The type which has created the greatest impression amongst new designs is the Klemm "Eagle." Its speed, with a Gipsy Major engine, approaches 150 m.p.h., but the point of most interest is that it lands at 45 m.p.h., slow enough for safe landings in small fields. It is delightful in the air, both for pilot and passengers, is very well finished, and should find a ready market. Sales are in the hands of one of the Wrightson companies at Heston, Mr. "Ronnie" Malcolm being in charge. "Hawks," from Reading, have put up many good performances this year, as a result of which the factory is working full time to cope with orders. Mrs. Macdonald, wife of Squadron-Leader A. D. Macdonald, who is on the Intelligence staff in Irak, has just returned from Baghdad after a most successful trip in her "Hawk," which is one of the open two-seater types. The victory of the Monospar in the King's Cup race resulted in an immediate order from the Australian Government, the type chosen being similar to the S.T.10, with the added refinement of a disappearing under-carriage. The top speed will be increased to 160 m.p.h., and the range at cruising revs. will be slightly more than a thousand miles. Airspeed, with the prospect of much public money to spend, will be putting numerous "Couriers" and "Envoys" into the air this year. The special model being built for Neville Stack is a possible winner of the MacRobertson Trophy, for which race no less than six Airspeed machines have been entered.

Flying Around London

IT 'S a pity about Hanworth! There are few enough aerodromes for London, even with the comparatively small number of aircraft in use at the present day, and therefore the prospect of losing to the builders one of the most attractive clubs to be found anywhere, is serious. Heston is becoming positively crowded, and Hatfield will be in a similar state in two or three years' time. The new aerodrome at Redhill is shaping well and will provide part of South London with a centre from which to fly, but there are none in the north-east or north-west sectors. The Heston Cup, acknowledged to be a hideous relic of scrap metal, is used by soloists to inscribe their names after the first flight alone. To cope with the overflow of autographs, a disused dope-can has been welded into service as a base. Not all of the signatures can be deciphered, but here are a few inscribed with a firm hand: The Hon. Andrew Dalrymple, a son of Lord Stair; Lady Louise Montagu; Madame Sanchez, daughter of an Argentine newspaper magnate; Dr. J. E. Thomson, a founder of the Singapore Flying Club; Lady Helen Stewart—one of Lord Londonderry's flying family, and Sir Ian Stuart-Richardson, a cousin of same. The Hon. Drogo Montagu has chartered a Leopard from Wrightson Air Hire for a ten days' jaunt on the Continent as an "owner-pilot." Talking of cups, members of the London Club have been presented with five for competition this season. There will be the usual landing competition, and the others are for skill in forced landings, aerobatics, navigation and cross-country flying.

Across the Sahara

THE Sahara Desert, considered at one time like the Arctic regions, one vast blank on the map where nothing lived, has become a tourist centre, being crossed by motor caravans running to schedule, and is soon to have its air service. The French have been flirting with the idea of linking the desert outposts with Paris, but S.A.B.E.N.A., the Belgian Company, is to be the first across with a regular line to the Congo. This is due to start at the end of this year, operating once a fortnight in each direction from Brussels to Leopoldville. Some time next year, Air France will fly the route alternately with the Belgians, making the service a weekly one, occupying probably five days for the complete journey. Through the enterprise of the Shell Company, the trans-Saharan route is well equipped with refuelling depôts. The line to follow was marked out originally by empty drums, thrown out along the side of the old caravan trail at regular intervals. The line of drums is still of value to a pilot who gets lost. The Shell depôts are equipped with modern pumps, and at certain intervals, caravans have been anchored in the desert as living quarters for staff and travellers.

Careers in the Air

THE COLLEGE OF AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING, which has its flying centre at Brooklands, is justly proud of the fact that the first seven students to complete their courses have received good appointments on leaving the College. These range from Assistant Manager at a Flying Club to Technical Assistant at the R.A.E., and include jobs with Union Airways of South Africa, Airwork of Heston, the Percival and General Aircraft Companies.

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

HERE we are, back at the end of July, and the entry form for the Girls' Championship will be found on page iv, and the old arguments, for and against golf for the young, will be heard in the land. Now, before grappling with those, may I give you a few reflections which strike me rather forcibly this year? Frankly, there was a time, a decade or so ago, when I was an opponent of the Girls' Championship, because I thought it forced on tender plants too soon, speaking from the strictly golfing point of view, and tended to give the players swollen heads. It 's a poor thing not to be able to change your mind, and own to it, when events prove you to have been wrong, and so I am not ashamed to say that I have changed mine, and do honestly and emphatically believe that if a girl wants to get to the top of the golfing tree, then the sooner she sets about it the better, and starts via the Girls' Championship.

THE reason I say that is because competition nowadays is so fierce that only the early bird is going to catch any sort of worm, and because, by reason of that very fierceness, which makes it real hard work to be a first-class golfer, the years during which any girl is going to keep hard at it are limited. It is no fun to work so desperately for years on end. Better get championship golf, like measles, over early, and then settle down to enjoy yourself at the game in rather less strenuous fashion, or turn your attention to conquering some other field, or get married, or—better still—do all three.

As for swollen head, my own belief is that you either have it or you have it not, like a head for heights or a dread of drowning, and that though winning a championship may make the unpleasant disease manifest itself in one way rather than another, it will not permanently make any difference to the virulence thereof. If the golf did not produce it, something else would, and possibly something where the chance of a swift and sudden fall from success was less likely. For no swollen-headed golfer is ever popular, whence it follows that most golfers would prefer to lose their swollen heads and gain popularity.

The Young Idea

BUT now to get back to facts. How have the girls who have won—or, at all events, played—at Stoke Poges in the Girls' Championship fared in going out into deeper waters? Out of the girl champions of the past ten years three have already won the Open Championship: Mlle. de la Chaume, as she was, Mme. Lacoste as she is; Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Diana Fishwick. The present holder, Miss Jessie Anderson, who is now too old to compete, is looked upon as one of the likeliest players to become Open Champion that Scotland has produced for a long time, and she has already been a semi-finalist and runner-up in the Scottish Championship. Miss Nan Baird, who won the Girls' in 1929, now holds the Scottish Championship, while the English Close, French Close, and Welsh are respectively in the holding of Miss Dorothy Pearson, Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, and Miss Isabella Rieben, all of whom have tried their wings first in the Girls' Championship. That none of these now distinguished golfers won it seems to give great hope for all who enter without any apparent hope of distinction. It is not always the already-known golfers who come through the Girls'. Miss Rieben held the Welsh the last time she played in the Girls'—and was beaten in the second round by Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, a year her junior, who, in turn, was beaten by Miss Pauline Doran, who was a year younger still. That is why no girl should think herself presumptuous to enter; that nobody knows what they can do till they have tried is astonishingly true of golf, particularly when youth is an ally.

AND if we are to recall the names of now famous golfers who did not win the Girls' and have so far done well but not won the Open, what about Miss Diana Plumpton, runner-up for it last year, and Miss Pam Barton, runner-up this? What about Miss Mary Johnson, who has already won the Yorkshire Championship twice and been runner-up twice since becoming ineligible four years ago for the Girls'? Or Miss Sylvia Bailey and Miss Audrey Holmes, English semi-finalists? Or Miss Enid Pears, Warwickshire Champion?

Miss Pauline Doran, unique in her feat of winning the Girls' three successive years, cannot be taken into the reckoning, since work took her from the girls' ranks when she still had a chance of defending her title, and has given her small chance since to show of what golfing stuff she is made.

Besides all those, there are the host of others who have made no big splash in the golfing world, yet owe to the Girls' a good many friends, and even—the two need not be synonymous—some excellent partners for subsequent BYSTANDER Foursomes. The Franco-American pair, Mlle. de Gunzbourg and Miss Grace Amory, have twice gone near winning Autumn Foursomes; the Esmond sisters, while Miss Lulu was still a girl, did win them; so did the Barton sisters last year.

Here is my space gone and no discussion on whether golf is a game for the young or not. Well, that must wait till another week, and all that remains is to say that September 12th, 13th, and 14th are the dates, under nineteen on September 11th the age limit, and August 27th the closing date for entries to reach the BYSTANDER office.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

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The "Bystander" GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (1934—16th Year)

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th, and 14th. No Qualifying Round.

Open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 11th, 1934.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Monday, August 27th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below, and will be repeated in all numbers till August 21st.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th, and 14th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 14th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors may practise free of charge on Monday, September 10th, and their mothers or chaperons at a reduced green fee of 3s. 6d.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 18s. per day.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 15s. per day, or 12s. without lunch.

FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 12s. per day, or 10s. 6d. without lunch.

Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship, 16th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1934

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. not later than Monday, August 27th.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth..... Club, if any.....

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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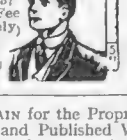


The Editor's Box

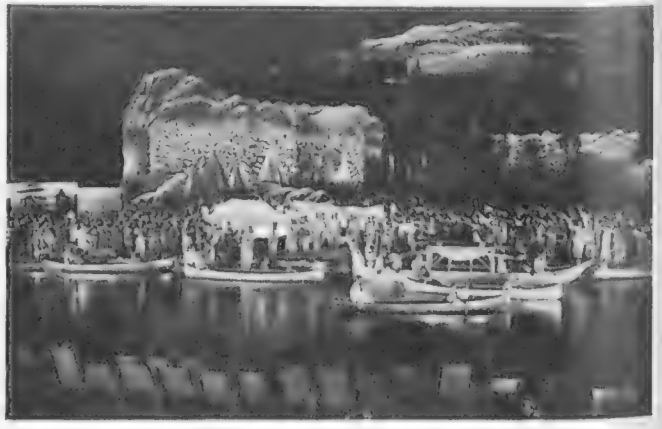
Nelson Keys and Greta Nissen, who are both appearing in "Why Not To-night?", listening - in to a Halcyon seven-valve Superhet

"Hiawatha," at Scarborough

This summer the dramatic version of Coleridge-Taylor's opera pageant, *Hiawatha*, is being produced at Scarborough's famous £60,000 Open-Air Theatre. Mr. Fairbairn is in charge of the production, assisted by the Scarborough Amateur Operatic Society, and some of the Albert Hall principals. The island stage, with its beautiful surroundings and modern equipment, permits of scenes and dramatic effects impossible in London—chorus entrances made by canoe processions, horsemen galloping on the hillside behind the stage, Minnehaha's funeral procession over the water, Hiawatha's canoe vanishing into a flaming sunset. This opera pageant is played twice weekly, Mondays and Thursdays, from July 23rd to September 10th. There will be accommodation for 6000 people to see each performance.

Travel Notes

Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son have been inspired with a new idea in connection with their Grand Tour of Germany, visiting Berlin, Potsdam, Dresden, Bayreuth, Munich, Oberammergau, Nuremburg, Rothenburg, Heidelberg, the Rhine and Cologne, for which the dates of departure are July 14th and 28th, August 11th and 25th, and September 8th, and for which the bookings are closed already. Each of the two thousand prospective travellers on the tour is being presented with a neat little diary, entitled "My Holiday in Germany," which contains a great deal of useful information for the traveller in Germany—a page for personal memoranda, name, address, and passport and ticket numbers, a concise and interesting description of each place to be visited, with a blank page opposite for personal observations, notes on film exposures, purchases, etc., and a map showing the whole of the route taken.



"Hiawatha," at Scarborough

A scene from the Scarborough Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society's production of "Hiawatha" on the open-air island theatre

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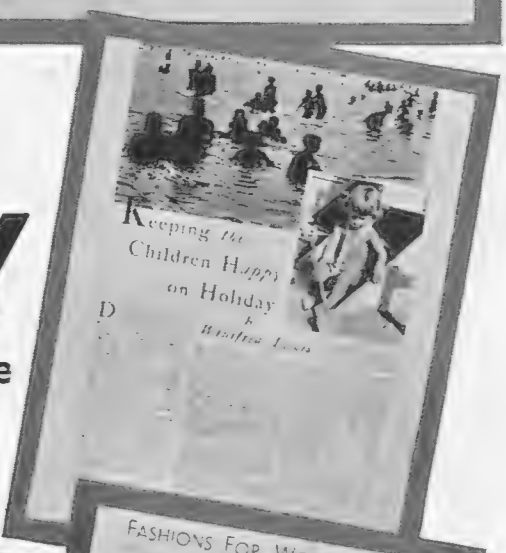

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EW SOUTH WIND: *by Ferdinand Tuohy.*
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THE THEATRE

Plays

AS YOU LIKE IT: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Wyndham's, 8.40. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée (Jill Esmond); Lewis Casson admirable as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies is charmingly wayward, but without fire, as Mary; Laurence Olivier too good-looking for the rough Bothwell, Glyn Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.—Stratford-on-Avon. Nightly at 8. Matinées, Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ONE OF THOSE THINGS.—A parody revue, led by Ivy Tresmand: Fortune, 8.45.

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Royalty, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

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SPORTING LOVE.—A new, all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Hermione Baddeley, and the Diamond Brothers are the highlights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LINE ENGAGED.—A thriller by Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin, with Sam Livesey, Louise Hampton, and Viola Keats in the cast: Q Theatre.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING.—Ruby Miller is an actress who wants more excitement in her life, also Marjorie Binner, Fred Groves, Arthur Chesney: Adwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Clair Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

FRENCH SALAD.—Hilda Trevelyan as the mother of a family hit by the slump, Leonora Corbett as her daughter-in-law, Vera Lennox, Ellen Pollock, A. R. Whatmore, and Aubrey Dexter as some more of the family: Westminster, to-night.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—A musical play, with Viola Tree, Rita Page, Reginald Purdell, Kenneth Kove, and some more: Saville, August 2nd.

BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES DE MONTE CARLO.—All last year's favourites, with four new ballets as well, danced by Riabouchinska, Danilova, Baronova, Massine, Woizikovsky, and the rest; the L.P.O. plays, conducted by Kurtz and Dorati: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

A CUP OF KINDNESS.—The Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce filmed: New Gallery.

THE GREAT SCHNOZZLE.—Jimmy Durante as a boxing promoter, Stuart Erwin as his protégé, Lupe Velez as decoration: Leicester Square Theatre.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Tivoli.

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY.—The screen version of Paul Green's novel is acted by Janet Gaynor and Lionel Barrymore in the leading parts: Regal.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT.—The Claudette Colbert-Clark Gable success still entertains royally: Marble Arch Pavilion.

MEN IN WHITE.—Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in a film of the play about doctors: Empire.

POIL DE CAROTTE.—Another excellent revival is the film in which Robert Lynen, the boy-actor, appears. Also René Clair's *Italian Straw Hat*, a brilliant comedy: Academy.

QUEEN CHRISTINA.—Greta Garbo as the Swedish Queen; also James Cagney in *Jimmy the Gent*: Dominion.

SHE LOVES ME NOT.—An excellent farce, with Miriam Hopkins as Curley Flagg, the cabaret girl, and Bing Crosby to croon and croon: Carlton.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY.—An English comedy-film, with Otto Kruger, Nancy Carroll, Herbert Mundin, Heather Angel; also *Wild Gold*, starring Claire Trevor and John Boles: Capitol.

THE WITCHING HOUR.—A thriller, with Sir Guy Standing and Judith Allen: Plaza.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Pearl Rivers and some girls in a song-and-dance show; and Lepore, the Italian tenor; Reginald Foresythe and his band play: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band plays, and there 's always a good cabaret.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner, or supper: extension night, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls dance, with Sunny O'Dea and Marguerite and Leroy as stars; Jack Jackson's band plays. One can dine outside on the terrace: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Syd Lipton's band: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng is again in residence every midnight; Jock Harris and Lew Stone play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—Fernande Saala, the Casino de Paris soubrette, is here; Van Straten plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

(*Continued on page* c)

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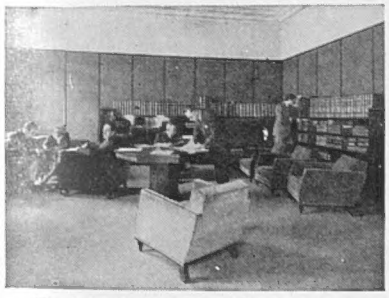

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

Out of London

Ace of Spades, Kingston By-Pass.—Swimming all night; dancing till 3 a.m. to Percy Chandler's band; cabaret on Saturday.

Ace of Spades, Great West Road—The new large swimming-pool is now open; restaurant.

Angmering Court Club, Sussex.—Sea-bathing, golf, riding, tennis, and dancing at week-ends; excellent food; one can stay at the Club.

Anne Boleyn, on the left, over the bridge at Staines.—The restaurant is in a delightful old-world house; the swimming-bath is fitted with up-to-date filtration.

Bell House, Beaconsfield.—Swimming, sun-bathing, and dancing in the pleasant restaurant. Licensed till 11.30 p.m. on week-days.

Chateau Bleu Club, Maidenhead.—Swimming in the pool; boatin' on the river; tennis; dancing every evening.

Downs Hotel, Hassocks, Sussex.—A place to stay as well as drop-in; Sussex Downs scenery. There 's a Restorium with artificial sunlight treatment to supplement heat-waves.

Empire Pool, Wembley Stadium.—England's first "waving-bath," where one can swim and dive daily from 7 a.m. to midnight for 1s.—except August 4th to 10th, when the Empire Games take place.

Gay Adventure, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

Hautboy Hotel, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming.

Hind's Head, Bray-on-Thames.—The food and wine are unique—a gourmet's dream—and "mine host," Barry Neame, has an eye on all the comforts of his guests.

Howard Park, Aston Clinton.—Italian Night, August 6th, with Harry Leader and his B.B.C. Orchestra. Surprise visit from the B.B.C. Swimming, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m., for 2s. 6d.

Hungaria River Club, Maidenhead.—Swimming and sun-bathing; dancing; Douglas Byng and the Western Brothers will be appearing in the cabaret.

Martin's Swimming Pools, Wokingham.—A most attractive place to swim, which is slightly more expensive (2s. 6d.) on Sundays, from 3 p.m. Light refreshments.

Moorlands Hotel, Hindhead.—Good food and service in peaceful surroundings; lovely position and wonderful air; no dancing or swimming.

Show Boat, Maidenhead.—Swimming; dancing to Jack Allan's Band from Great Fosters. Special attractions on Saturdays.

Spinning Wheel, and St. Cross Hotel, Hoddesdon, Herts.—Beautiful grounds; the food is good; swimming, and the pool has specially filtered water.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

Tidworth Tattoo: Salisbury Plain, August 4th, 7-11.

Dublin Horse Show: from August 7th.

Royal Academy: Burlington House.

Netherlands Exhibition: Dorland Hall.

SPORT

Tennis.—Davis Cup, Challenge Round, last day: Wimbledon, to-day.

Inter-Services Championships: Wimbledon, August 6th-7th.

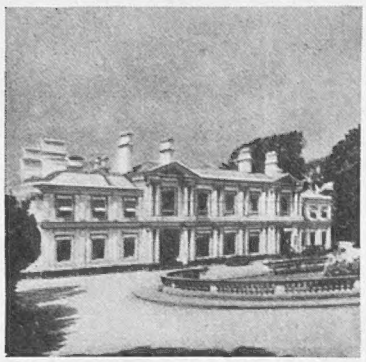
Racing.—Goodwood: July 31st-August 3rd.

Athletics.—Empire Games: White City, August 3rd, 4th, 6th.

Swimming.—Empire Games: Empire Pool, Wembley, August 4th-7th.

Yachting: Ryde, August 1st-3rd.

Cowes, August 4th-11th.



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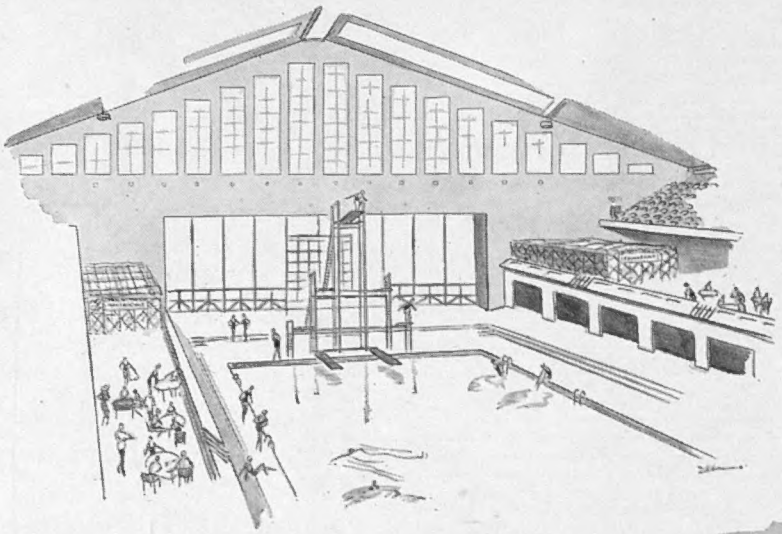
Gay Resorts

Sparkling Pool

Written by Comyns Beaumont



A glimpse of Wembley's new Empire Bathing-Pool. In the Palace of Aquatic Sports, which has cost over £200,000, there is bathing, dancing, sun-bathing, a restaurant, and every attraction for a day's visit. It was formally opened by the Duke of Gloucester last Wednesday

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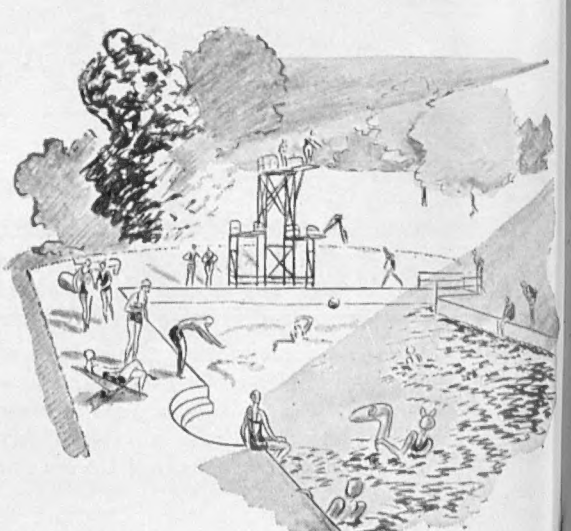
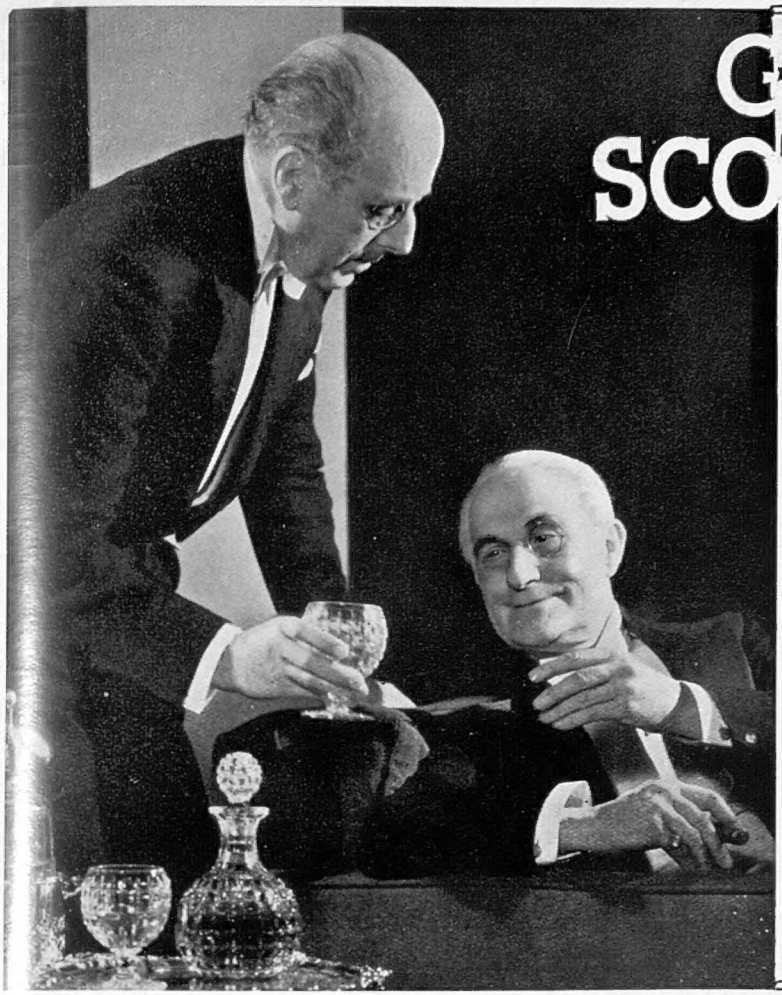
Meet Zappelloni, the restaurant manager of the Hungaria Club, whose lawns, descending to the river, are well known to everybody crossing Maidenhead Bridge



A corner of the Bathing-Pool at Howard's Park Hotel, at Aston Clinton. Formerly a country mansion of the Rothschild family, it is now a gay country hotel standing in a lovely park



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